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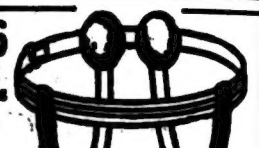

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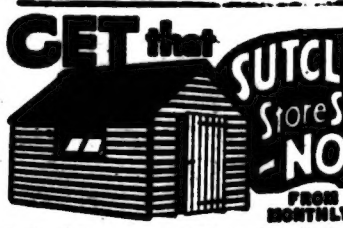

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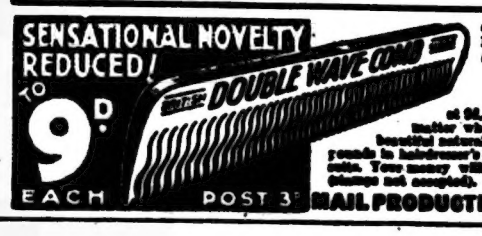

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Piano Finished Cabinet. "Steidini" Metal bound Bellows, triple Chord Action. Complete with shoulder-strap, 21 Piano Keys, 8 Bosses. Cash price 42/-, or 2/- first instalment, balance 4/- monthly until 46/- is paid. Elaborate Tutor. Also Superior De Luxe Model at 52/6, same terms. List of models with 26 Keys, 12 Bass; 25 Keys, 24 Bass; 34 Keys, 48 Bass; 41 Keys, 120 Bass, on terms.—J. A. DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B.48), 94/104, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5.

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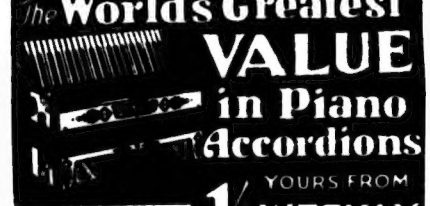

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MAIL PRODUCTIONS (Dept. T.J.B.8), 91, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

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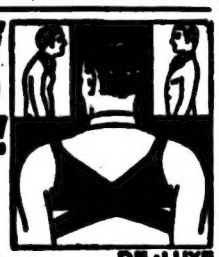

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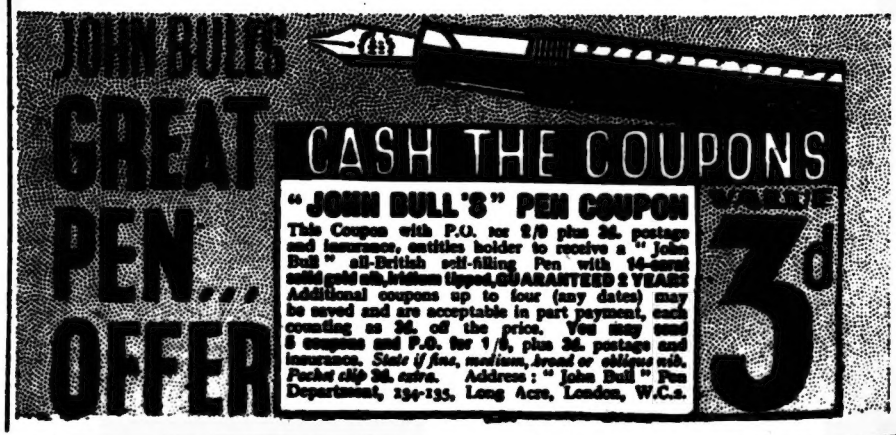
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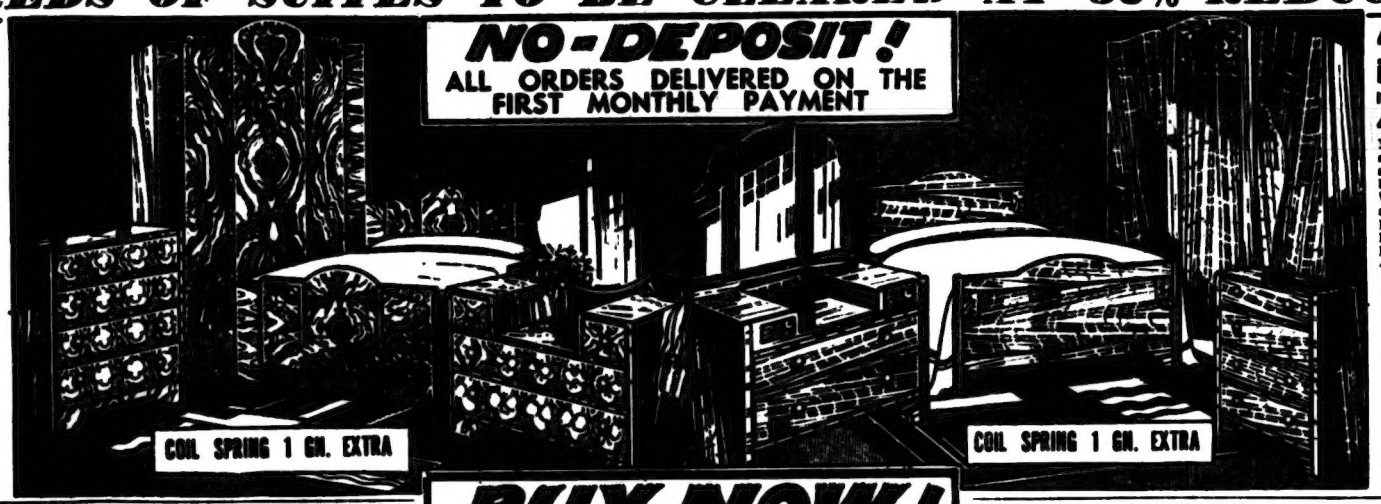

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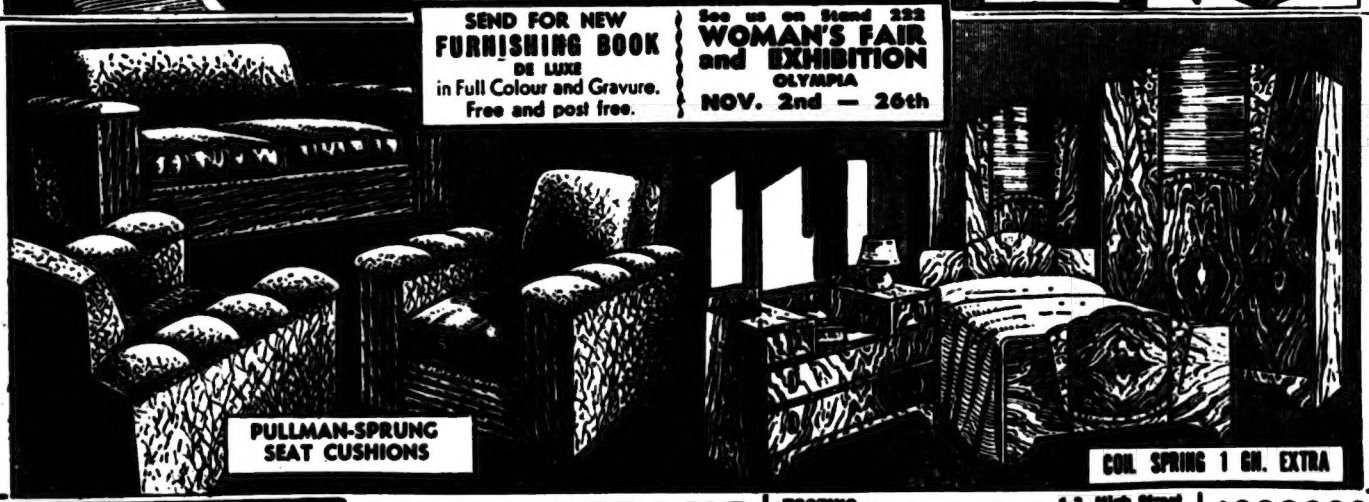

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John Bull

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

Jobs Our M.P.s Must Not Shirk

"My Lords, pray be seated." With this time-honoured utterance, His Majesty the King, the Queen by his side, will prelude the Speech from the Throne which, next Tuesday, will start Parliament's new session on its way.

The words, most of them, will be those of the King's Ministers, outlining their programme for the coming months.

But the King's presence is no empty ceremony.

The Crown symbolises that common allegiance, that common loyalty to the constitution and that fundamental, national unity which bind all parties.

Pageant of Liberty

An hour of pageantry, ancient but never tarnished. In itself, a lesson—a reminder of traditions centuries old. Traditions of peaceful change, of progress without disorder, of liberty without licence—blessings which have made Britain the envy and example of the world.

Linking the Empire

The Crown sympolises Empire unity, too. Perhaps His Majesty will inform Parliament personally on Tuesday of his coming visit to Canada, and of the Duke of Kent's appointment as Australia's next Governor-General.

Happy moves these to link the nations of the British Commonwealth still more closely to each other and the Throne.

We Must Be Strong

In other ways, it'll be a grim King's speech. A post-crisis programme.

Ministers have already studied the defence gaps which the recent emergency showed.

More anti-aircraft guns needed. More men. Registration, perhaps, of the war-time capacities of every citizen. As Lord Halifax has hinted, more money, too.

Peace With Reason

None can blame us for strengthening our defences, for meeting deficiencies revealed by sudden and searching experience.

None can suspect us of aggressive designs. And the better our motives will be appreciated, the more we concentrate on defensive weapons—on interceptor 'planes, on anti-aircraft guns, on air raid precautions.

Let's be on the defensive against force, but aggressive in the cause of peace and reason.

Bury the Hatchet

For defence alone is not enough. Lasting peace cannot be built on mere resistance to force.

We must also remove the grievances which provoke resort to force, scotch the mentality which prefers violence to reason.

Keep alive the spirit of Munich, of the Chamberlain-Hitler declaration. Settle disputes by negotiation, not war. That was its message.

End Injustice

Act upon it now! General Smuts, the Bishop of London, other powerful voices, have been urging this course. Lord Halifax has shown that that also is the Government's policy.

John Bull is glad. Let Britain, France, Germany and Italy settle their differences round the table. Wipe injustice from Europe's slate. Inscribe instead a message of friendship and hope.

Defence and foreign policy must come first these days. But meanwhile life's ordinary round goes on.

Get Busy at Home

Social injustices which clamoured for treatment before are still there. The cries of their victims may have been smothered by the tread of marching feet, by the clank of arms or by discordant voices at the world's council tables.

But national unity and enthusiasm are now vital as never before. Encourage that unity, stir that enthusiasm, by a new drive for social justice and harmony.

Start Them Afresh

A.R.P., for example, will be first call on the Home Secretary's time during the coming session.

But at long last he is to push on with the Penal Reform Bill.

John Bull welcomes that, so far as it goes.

But much more could be done. Begin by adopting the magistrates' suggestions. Let women prisoners be removed from jail while their babies are born.

Remove the ugly word "prison" from the railway warrant given to prisoners on leaving jail. Give the innocent a clean start, the guilty a fresh one!

Break the Birch

The Home Office has many shelves, many pigeon-holes. It has taken years to retrieve penal reforms from oblivion.

Now it looks as though the dust of forgetfulness is gathering about another important reform, accepted by the Government, but not yet passed into law: abolition of birching for juvenile offenders.

Pull this from its pigeon-hole!

Grow More Food

The people's food! On page 9 we tell you about the new feeling which is sweeping the country, put forward a plan that would save our empty acres. Food will be one of the big topics of the new session, for in its three aspects it is our most vital domestic problem.

National Defence demands that we grow as much food as we can at home.

National Economy demands that we produce it as efficiently as possible.

National Health demands that we provide more, better and cheaper food for the masses.

The Nation's Need

Give us a national food policy! That's the call of an influential non-political committee which has been working for two years under the auspices of Mr. Seebohm Rowntree and Lord Astor. It's been John Bull's demand, too, for a long time.

Such a policy would not only banish malnutrition, but bring work to tens of thousands of our unemployed.

Not Enough

A Bill to fix the standard price of wheat. Admirable, no doubt, in its way. But we can never grow all the wheat we need. What of the vegetables, fruit and dairy produce that we could provide in almost unlimited quantities?

A Bill to assist the poultry and egg trades. Excellent, if it will succour the many ex-Servicemen and others who invested in this industry, only to face ruin from foreign competition.

Win This Battle

But, however good or cheap your food, it's a mere mockery if those who need it can't afford to buy all they need. Increase purchasing power!

Unfortunately, wages have been sinking in the past three months. Unemployment shows scant signs of substantial diminution.

The Special Areas, though better off than they were, still present baffling problems of poverty and worklessness.

A fresh Bill for dealing with the Special Areas is due during the session. Make it the occasion for a new frontal attack on unemployment and distress generally!

Support This Cause!

As a last word, let us remind you to give as generously as you can on Poppy Day.

You'll never hear of a finer cause.

Words Not Enough for Peace

President Roosevelt calls for peace—

—and Lord Halifax renounces war

WHATEVER the injustices that exist to-day, war would only make them worse. There is nothing that cannot be settled peacefully if negotiation begins in time.

Over and over again we have proclaimed those simple principles.

We rejoice that two great men have given voice to them in the last week.

Lord Halifax, Foreign Secretary, declares: "We have learnt by bitter experience that, however righteous the cause, war is likely to leave a legacy of greater difficulties than it can resolve. The evils of war drag on into the peace that follows."

Those are brave, wise words, in the best tradition of British progressive thought.

President Roosevelt says: "War releases a flood of evil emotions fatal to civilised living."

That is worthy of a great peace-loving democracy.

We do not underrate the value of peaceful words.

The world is full of words, which pour out in millions day by day in newspapers and journals, from platform and microphone. Not all are words of peace.

It is essential that those who believe that war is an evil thing and not inevitable, who believe that appeasement between nations is desirable and possible, should speak their faith day in and day out.

But it is also essential that they should act, that they should marry word and deed.

The leaders of British democracy must remember that the forces of war will not be kept at bay by words alone, but only by a positive policy of international friendship.

The peace movement is like every other. It must be kept moving, or it will perish.

So carry on, Mr. Chamberlain!

Voice of the People

ONE incident in my life makes me sick at heart at all racial persecution.

It was in my struggling days, when I had taken a stall in a Midland market in an effort to make a living.

Everything depended on one day's sales—and, with half the day gone, they amounted to just about nothing.

But the sheer hopeless misery on my face was noticed by somebody. A woman came to me and said: "You are doing badly, aren't you? You're selling the wrong things. Here—see what you can do with these."

She forced part of her own stock in my hands. Money was coming in within a minute. It proved the turning point of my life.

And that woman, Mrs. Coleman, a Jewess, is a woman who some people would hound because of her race.—W. T. Hunt, 59, Green Road, Terriers, High Wycombe.

Hyphen Husbands

Why should a woman lose her individuality on marriage in these days of sex-equality?

Let the bride's name be hyphenated to the bridegroom's—for instance, when a Mr. Smith marries a Miss Jones, let them be known as Mr. and Mrs. Smith-Jones.

The children, on marriage, would only use the name of Smith.—N. H Peters, 18, Wardley Road, Walton, Warrington.

French brides and bridegrooms, setting up business after marriage, often compound their names in this way—for business purposes only. That explains majority of the hyphenated names so common over shop-fronts in France. Aim is to attract custom from friends of both parties.

Telephone Trap

I am a commercial traveller, working for a firm that insists on every one of its representatives leaving home at nine prompt.

Receiving a wire at 9.30 the other morning asking me to ring headquarters "urgently," I smelt a rat, and decided to ignore it.

It was good that I did, for every man who rang up as requested was instantly dismissed.—B. A. C., Acton, W.

Un-British — and surely unnecessary! A firm that judges its employees on results can soon pick out the laggards.

Rex and Regina

A month or so back I presented my husband with a daughter.

As I had wanted a son, and intended to call "him" Reginald, we christened her Regina.

Some days after she was born my neighbour had a son. He weighed more at birth than her other children had done, so she spoke of him as King of the Castle.

I have just found that, in consequence, she christened him Rex!—Mrs. M. R. H., York Road, Aldershot, Hants.

Here's a health unto their majesties!

Guyed!

On pieces of paper pushed through the doors of people in this district are written these words: "Put 6d. in this paper and leave it outside tomorrow, or your windows will be smashed From the Firework Gang."

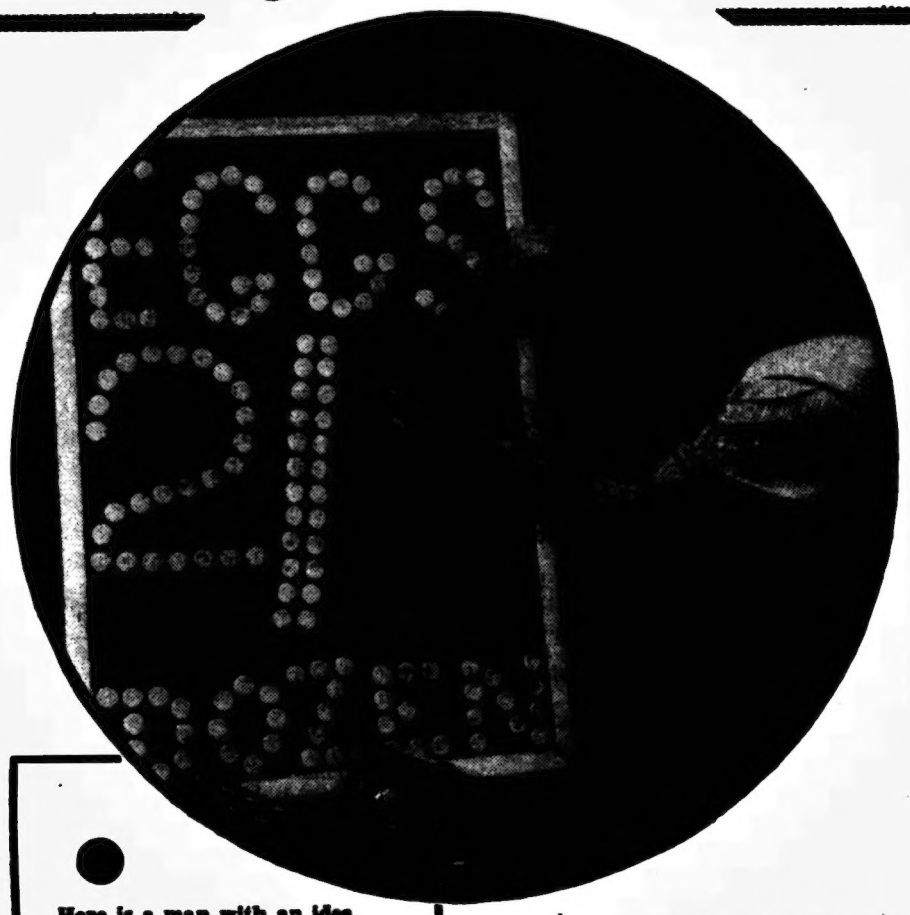
It would be interesting to know whether this is a new kind of racket.—Master T. J. Thompson, 22, Romney Road, New Malden, Surrey.

* * *

Five small boys were trundling a guy in a wheeled chair when a policeman came round the corner. The boys fled, leaving chair and guy behind.

Remarking to passers that he would have some fun out of the situation, the constable wheeled the guy down a side street.

He left it for a moment and then turned round. Imagine his surprise when he saw the guy running as fast as his legs could carry him, dragging the pushchair behind.—A. W. Horwood, Allt-yr-yn View, Newport, Mon.



Here is a man with an idea.

He has found that the metal caps of empty mineral water bottles, dabbed with phosphorescent paint and tacked to a black signboard, glow like cats' eyes in the light of headlamps.

So his Warwickshire poultry farm has a day-and-night advertisement on the adjoining main road.—L. Tyler, Kinross Road, Lillington, Leamington Spa.

Charity Cheats

I am honorary secretary of a Christmas Fund for assisting the aged and needy. Our collection expenses, on average, amount to 4d. in the £.

Unfortunately, genuine charities are being hit by the bogus collectors and institutions which JOHN BULL renders such invaluable service by exposing.

I wish you would propound a scheme that would make this impossible.—Charles F. Jarrett, 18, Colls Road, S.E.15.

We have always urged setting up of a central body that would authorise charities and lay down conditions for collecting.

We expect legislation to this end to result from the commission now considering bogus charities. Incidentally, 4d. in the £ expenses is excellent.

Scooping the Change

Presenting a 10s. note at a local cinema, I was told very charmingly by the box-office girl that she was out of change for a few minutes, and would let me have it later.

Taking my seat, I mentioned this casually to the attendant.

Just before I was due to leave, the woman sitting behind me, who was apparently of about the same age and appearance as myself, hurried out, collected my change—and disappeared.—Mrs. V. Curry, 35, Belle Vue Street, Swansea.

Rejected

Stage folk must be very poor business people.

Twice lately I have submitted songs to artistes. In one case a theatre sent them on to me, said they had been left behind by the artiste concerned, and in another case they were returned without comment.—Ronald Draper, Waldeck Road, Carrington, Nottingham.

Yes, most of them are bad business people, but remember that a famous actor may have a hundred sketches, gags, etc., submitted to him each week, a famous band as many as a thousand.

The majority—unlike reader Draper—don't enclose stamped addressed envelopes. Anyhow, it is best to ask artistes whether they are in the market for material, then seek an appointment or perusal of the material.

Failures

There should be no room in the business world for employers who can't pay proper living wages.

They should be deemed to have failed. Official experts should be put in charge of their businesses in an effort to bring the wages paid up to a proper level.—F. Rowling, 9, Grangewood Street, East Ham, E.6.

If every employer belonged to an Employers' Association, and every worker to a Trade Union, an employer would have to pay the minimum wages agreed between the two bodies, or go out of business.

We want to know what you are thinking about, what you've seen or done.

So write to the "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published, and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your own drawing or photograph illustrating the letter.

And there are other pages where you can help us to help you.

A. G. Gardiner ..... *Page* 11
Sir Wyndham Childs .... *Page* 17
Human Documents ..... *Page* 34
True Story ..... *Page* 32

Eccentric

I work in a shop at Camberwell, London, S.E.

Every day, between 8.30 and 9.30 a.m., an old retired gentleman walks past with an air of majesty until he reaches a certain lamp-post.

Then he tight-rope-walks along three inches of kerb, struggling desperately to avoid touching either the gutter or the lamp-post; after which he walks off with just as much majesty as before.—J. Stanley, 94, Granville Park, Lewisham, S.E.

More stories of such minor eccentricities welcomed.

When the above letter appeared in Voice of the People we invited readers to send other examples of eccentric behaviour. The reply was so great that next week we are going to devote a whole page to the subject. Meanwhile, here are five little stories to tickle your funny-bone:

I AM a London Passenger Transport Board ticket-collector at a tube station in central London served by escalator.

Every evening a tall, slim man, of middle-age, appears.

His progress from the street into the station is that of a normal office worker.

But when he is half-way down the escalator he lets out a loud yodel—the kind you hear in Swiss songs—that makes the rush-hour crowd jump with alarm.

His yodel finished, he walks on to the platform quite normally.—H. T. W., Westminster.

* * *

AT Swansea, where I lived till a year or so ago, there was an old gentleman who, although quite agile, always turned backwards to step from the kerb, and did the same thing to mount the kerb when he reached the other side of the road.—S. S. Edwards, 24, Mill View, Penllyn, Pontllanfaith, Mon.

* * *

ONE of the people I am always seeing in this town is a woman who behaves as an ordinary shopper until two or three minutes after she has left any shop or store at which she has made a purchase.

Then, quite suddenly, she will put her shopping basket on the ground to look through her purse, as if in alarm. Finding her change is all right, she will walk on.

A minute or two later, however, she will come rushing back to the spot where she laid the basket down, apparently to make sure that she left none of her purchases behind.—Master R. Tarrant, 76, Cam Causeway, Cambridge.

* * *

FOR seven years I have seen an elderly cyclist going to and from his work.

I have seen him at every stage of the journey, time and time again.

Always, on his way to work, he walks along and pushes the machine. And always, on his way back, he rides it.—R. Jones, jun., 133, St. Mary's Road, Moston, Manchester.

* * *

THERE is a man living in this district who, whenever he sees a rubbish receptacle, glares at its contents angrily, hooks everything out with his cane, replaces it as if he were packing for a holiday and then goes off happily.—Mrs. E. Hands, 97, Allen's Croft Road, King's Heath, Birmingham.

Britain Needs a Joseph

CANDIDATES in seven Parliamentary by-elections have had a big surprise.

They set out to talk about foreign policy and rearmament. The electors soon showed, by heckling and interruption, that they had something else in mind—the supply and price of food.

And it was not about the provision of food in war-time that they showed anxiety.

They wanted to know why their ordinary domestic shopping is costing so much, why they are being made to depend more and more on foreign food, why Britain is wasting its greatest heritage—the Land.

The significance of this new interest in the failure of British farming is that it has been displayed in urban and industrial constituencies.

Town populations are at last becoming uneasy about the greatest scandal in the economic system of the nation.

That scandal is, that under present conditions, less than one-third of the best soil of Britain can be well farmed. The remainder is falling into neglect and decay.

At last the people are realising it is a matter of self-preservation that their country should be made fertile again.

To-day there are nearly 3,000,000 fewer acres under the plough than there were seventeen years ago. About 1,800,000 acres of good land are now waterlogged because of inefficient drainage, and 11,000,000 acres of pasture land have been allowed to become worn out.

IN OTHER WORDS, AN AREA EQUAL TO ONE-THIRD OF THE WHOLE SURFACE OF THE BRITISH ISLES IS PERISHING. LAND WHICH WAS BEING CULTIVATED UP TO A FEW YEARS AGO, BUT IS NOW IDLE AND ROTTING, WOULD MAKE SIXTEEN COUNTIES THE SIZE OF SUSSEX.

Thousands of farms are becoming all grass and do not possess a single plough or harrow. On them is growing up a generation of workers who know nothing about arable farming.

Countless areas have gone back to the jungle state. Everywhere are stretches of desolation, vermin - ridden, overrun with weeds, their hedges tangled and broken.

Every square yard of the wasted land could be producing excellent livestock, or growing crops, vegetables and fruit of the best kind. Farmers who are in frank despair could, if given the chance, supply food plentifully and cheaply.

They could bring succour to that half of the population whose diet is deficient in quantity and quality, and to the three persons out of every ten who have less than tenpence a day for food.

Britain has 5,000,000 more mouths to feed than twenty years ago. In that period practically two-thirds of the soil has gone out of production.

More than 250,000 workers have left the land, and landowners' and farmers' capital has been reduced by 24 per cent.

AND there are 2,000,000 tons less shipping and 50,000 fewer British seamen to bring us food from abroad in emergency.

Our bill for imported food is now £350,000,000 a year. It is mounting by £2,000,000 a month. Every housewife in the land has to buy an average of 11s. worth of foreign food a week.

For every gallon of milk we produce in this country, we are buying two gallons from abroad in butter, cheese, condensed milk and cream.

This year we had to obtain £76,000,000 of this kind of produce from overseas—£11,000,000 more than twelve months ago.

Britain this autumn has reaped 4,000,000 acres of wheat, barley and oats—3,000,000 acres less than sixty years ago, when the country had to sustain a very much smaller population.

The argument that we must import agricultural commodities on this vast scale in exchange for industrial exports does not apply. The two countries which supply us with most of our foodstuffs do not spend half the money we give them on buying our goods.

Our dependence on overseas farm production does not stop short at human food. The position is so bad that we are importing a greater tonnage of animal-feeding stuffs and fertilisers than the total tonnage of our agricultural output!

IF WAR BROKE OUT TO-MORROW WE SHOULD HAVE TO KILL OFF HALF OUR PIGS, POULTRY AND BEEF CATTLE BECAUSE WE WOULD NOT HAVE THE FOOD TO GIVE THEM.

THE 800,000 labourers and their families who remain on the land are worse paid and worse housed than any other workers.

Their average weekly wage is 34s. They cannot afford to buy for themselves and their wives and children the British milk, butter, beef and mutton which they are helping to produce.

The wife of a farm worker cannot spend more than threepence per meal for each member of her family.

For this the farmers as a body are not to blame. Under the system and conditions imposed on them they cannot afford the cost of providing a decent livelihood for their workers.

Most of the 250,000 farmers who survive in Britain now realise that they have been overdosed with political drugs such as tariffs, quotas and subsidies. Injections administered even for temporary alleviation have been useless. A major operation on the industry is required.

Because there is no proper control of subsidy money, most of it has gone to the middlemen—in some cases as much as 18s. 8d. out of every pound. The rest has been absorbed in increased production costs brought about by restriction of output.

All the marketing schemes which have been tried so far have revealed that the farmer cannot get a market when prices are fixed to put his products beyond reach of the townsman's purse.

There is also a general revolt in the industry against the use of British farming as a bargaining weapon in adjusting trade agreements with foreign countries.

But, above all, the farmers' rebellion is against the policy dictated to them of bolstering up producers' prices by inducing scarcity—the deliberate suppression or destruction of home food production to keep growers' prices soaring.

THE THEORY THAT FARMERS WILL ONLY PRODUCE MORE IF THEY RECEIVE INCREASED PRICES HAS PROVED FALSE. BIGGER PRODUCTION ON THE PRESENT BASIS WOULD ONLY MAKE THE FARMERS' LOSSES GREATER.

At last the British agriculturist is convinced that the only hope for his industry is to have it reorganised and controlled so that he may produce abundantly and sell cheaply, with a new system of marketing to wipe out the present unwarrantable costs of distribution.

He cannot do that by himself. He must have machinery to provide him with a guaranteed market and an economic price—two essential provisions to prevent him from being ruined and the consumer from being robbed by middlemen.

JOHN BULL has a plan to bring back Britain's derelict acres into cultivation, to ensure the farmer profit, to re-employ the masses who have left the land, to give farm labourers conditions nearer those of town workers, and to provide the people cheaply with most of the food they need in peace or war.

Our plan is simply this. We must:

Set up a National Agricultural Commission to undertake a scientific survey of agricultural conditions and potentialities district by district, and to take into public ownership all land which has been virtually abandoned;

Give the home producers first place in their own market;

Encourage farmers to produce at the maximum by eliminating price uncertainties;

Establish Import Boards to control deliveries of foreign-grown food;

Appoint Commodity Boards to deal with distribution.

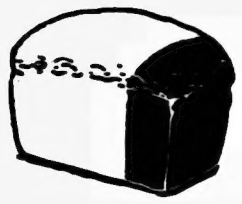
If only 2 per cent. of the present armaments expenditure was devoted to the reorganisation of agriculture on these lines, the industry would be saved and Britain would be made safe.

We need more and cheaper food. We have the land and the men to provide it. Knowledge, skill and willingness are at the nation's call.

We need a Joseph to teach us to husband our resources. The lesson he taught ancient Egypt should be remembered to-day.

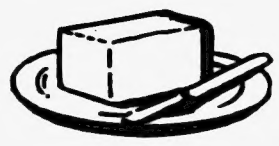
Without Fear or Favour

We produce the following proportions of what we consume—



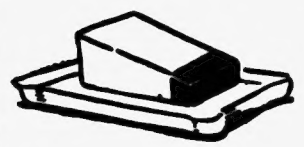
Wheat and Flour 24%

Sugar 28%



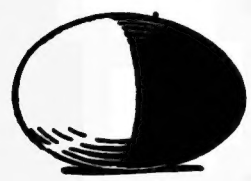
Butter 9%

Fruit 32%



Cheese 28%

Meat 50%



Eggs 56%

A. G. Gardiner Discusses

THE BEST RECIPE FOR PEACE

THERE is one respect in which it is fortunate that the reassembly of Parliament this week did not follow immediately on the Munich Agreement and the tragedy of Czechoslovakia.

The interval has given time for the shock of those events to be absorbed and for the minds of men, both in Parliament and without, both here and abroad, to recover their balance and survey the new landscape of Europe with coolness and seriousness.

Let us start our survey by asking what is the chief aspiration common to all peoples, Germans and Italians, no less than French and English.

It is the passionate desire for peace. Never was that desire so intense and universal as it is to-day.

And this for very obvious reasons. On Friday next the nation as one man will stand in silence and thanksgiving for the great deliverance that came to the world on that day twenty years ago.

This generation had experienced and can never forget the horrors of war on a scale new in the history of mankind.

Its most universal prayer is that the world may never suffer that experience again.

The other reason for the intensity of the passion for peace is that war is no longer an affair waged by professional soldiers on far away fields.

Its terrors strike at the homes and lives of the helpless and defenceless.

In a word, modern war has become so horrible and devastating that civilisation can no longer co-exist with it.

Either we have to conquer war or war makes the whole earth—

"... a wilderness indeed,
Peopled with wolves, its old inhabitants."

Now we have come to the point where the choice has to be made. Let us leave aside here all the recrimination about the past, all discussion of the blunders and failures that have brought us back to the brink of the abyss from which we emerged twenty years ago.

WE have all sinned. Let us leave it at that and turn to the future.

The first fact we have to face, whether we like it or not, is that if peace is to be established on a secure basis, it must be established in co-operation with the dictatorships.

And we have to establish it in circumstances which enable them to call the tune.

The events which came to a head at the beginning of this month have left them masters of the situation.

They have appealed to the show of force and have won, and it would be folly to suppose that after so complete and bloodless a victory they will not pursue the advantage which force has given them

But they do not want war. It is an incalculable gamble, and nothing more clearly emerged from the crisis through which we have passed than the dread of both the German and Italian peoples of the outbreak of war.

It was at least as acute as that of our own people

What Hitler and Mussolini want is not war, but the bargaining advantage which the threat of war, backed by superior striking power, gives them.

In face of this strategy two concurrent aims must inform our policy.

The one is immediate and, we may hope, temporary. The other is ultimate and, we may hope, permanent.

The desire for peace was never so intense and universal as it is to-day

Take the first aim first. We must reduce at all cost and with all possible speed the bargaining advantage which the Berlin-Rome axis is admitted to have and which was exploited so successfully in the case of Czechoslovakia.

Since Hitler adopts the naked argument of force we must reply in the language of force.

Whatever the gap in the striking power of the two countries is it should, with our resources in wealth and industrial energy, be possible to diminish it so rapidly and substantially as to make the gamble of war too dangerous to risk.

This will prevent a repetition of the Munich experience. It should enable us to face a similar crisis with the sense that the bargaining counters were sufficiently near equality to put the negotiations on even terms.

This is the "armed peace" of which Lord Halifax spoke at Edinburgh.

It is a hateful necessity, but we have no alternative. If we neglect it our fate is sealed.

But, side by side with this urgent task, we must press forward with that "peace of understanding," which must take the place of the "armed peace," if there is ever to be real peace in Europe again.

And in doing this we must pocket our dislike of dictatorships, remembering that we, under the influence of France, neglected to remedy the grievances of Germany when a constitutional Government was in power at Berlin and so sowed the seed of the harvest we are reaping to-day.

In this connection it is fair also to bear in mind, as Lord Halifax has said, that much of what Hitler has done since he came to power has been in the nature of the revision of the Treaty of Peace which was promised at Versailles and never carried into effect.

Even the rearmament of Germany can be reasonably defended on the ground that the undertaking of the Allied Powers to disarm was not honoured.

It is our own sins of omission in the past for which we are paying so dearly now.

I am not saying this merely after the event, for, as my readers know, the urgency of a more reasonable attitude to Germany was the constant theme of my articles in this paper when jingoists were whooping Poincaré on in the Ruhr to the slogan "Hats off to France."

But if we are going to attempt to come to terms with Germany we must remember our own provocation as well as his and try to start with a clean slate.

The crux of the problem should not be in Europe. It is the question of the colonies that will be the most obstinate hurdle to take.

HERE, again, Germany has a grievance which ought never to have been created.

Having been created it is not easy of removal.

We have only to think of the proximity of a militarised South-West Africa under German rule cheek by jowl with the South African Commonwealth to understand the concern of the latter at the prospect.

But is it not possible, again with good will and good sense, to make this question of the colonies a part of a general and agreed policy for the administration and non-militarisation of all native communities?

If this were done we might find in the solution an approach to disarmament and that general reconciliation without which no economic recovery is possible for any nation.

Human Machine

Door to Life

GREATEST need to-day is for clear thinking, cold reasoning and calm judgment.

We expect it in our statesmen and our politicians, but that isn't enough.

The days have gone for ever when we can leave our thinking to someone else.

If we are to be good and useful citizens we must be prepared to think for ourselves.

We must be able to distinguish fact from fancy. We must be able to collate facts, to appraise evidence and to dispense entirely with prejudice and passion.

There are surprisingly few people able to think objectively—to think without reference to personal feelings and to preconceived notions of likes and dislikes.

Yet, unless you can do that, you can't really think.

"Have you ever noticed," said some anonymous writer, "that when the other fellow is set in his way he's obstinate; when you are, it is just firmness?

"When the other fellow doesn't like your friends, he's prejudiced; when you don't like his, you are simply showing that you are a good judge of human nature?

"When the other fellow tries to treat someone especially well, he's toadying; when you try the same game, you are using tact?"

In other words, the difference between thinking and not thinking is the difference between the open and the closed mind.

The person with a closed mind may save himself a lot of worry and hard work—but his contentment is

no different from the contentment of any object in a museum.

It is not the contentment of achievement; it is merely that he has become a mental fossil.

If you don't face new aspects of truth, you are not only lazy, you are afraid; and mental and spiritual cowardice is the sure way to destruction, not only for individuals but for nations.

Thought is the door to a full life.

FAIR PLAY for the TERRIERS!

This is JOHN BULL'S plea for the men who left their jobs to serve their country in the days of Crisis. Fair play because there are people who would like to "pass the baby" for Britain's defencelessness into their hands. They did their job well. Have no doubt about that. So seek the blunderers elsewhere.

EVERY day the blast of blame for Britain's defencelessness grows more fierce.

Mr. C. W. G. Eady, administrative chief of the Home Office A.R.P. department, tells a meeting of Navy, Army and Air Force officers:

"We have no illusions at all about the unpreparedness of the country to receive a sudden air attack."

Someone else in authority declares that we must not, in future, rely upon the Territorials for emergency air defence, and that we must have a chain of anti-aircraft stations manned by regular troops.

The underlying suggestion is that our civilian soldiers—the men who left their jobs to serve the country in its time of need—let the country down.

This is a gross injustice; an evil libel that must be killed at once.

BECAUSE, whoever failed the country, whoever was responsible for the gaps in our defence, it was not the officers and men of the Territorial Army.

The obstructionists and blunderers are to be found in the War Office, Air Ministry and the Treasury.

JOHN BULL demands that the "Terriers" shall be vindicated. No slurs must be cast on the splendid way they rallied to their task.

On Monday, September 26, nine hours after the mobilisation order had gone out from the War Office, 16,000 men of the 1st Territorial Anti-Aircraft Division, which covers the Home Counties and East Anglia, were at war stations.

Not a minute behind them in their response were the men of the 2nd Division, in whose hands was the safety of an area stretching from Northumberland to the South Midlands.

Before midnight many of the batteries and searchlight companies were at 95 per cent. of their enrolled strength, and by noon the next day the 1st Division had 20,000 men at war stations.

Who would dare to lay the charge of inefficiency against such a feat?

And remember there had never been a single, full-scale rehearsal—although Territorial officers had begged and begged for such a test to be carried out under war conditions.

Always they were fobbed off with the reply that the "matter was under consideration."

How was it all done? The answer to that question is that it was made possible by the loyal co-operation of the men who are now being maligned.

Every unit had key men, chosen because they were on the telephone at work or at home.

As soon as the mobilisation order was communicated to them, they dashed round by cycle or car to men whose homes were on their lists and gave them their orders.

Those orders were to cease work, return home for kit and uniforms, make arrangements with wives or relatives for an indefinite absence, and report to headquarters. Every man obeyed.

THEN came the gigantic task of drawing stores and equipment, arranging for transport and billets. Enormous difficulties had to be overcome.

By the work of the Royal Corps of Signals, who are recognised as 25 per cent. more efficient than the Regular Army "Signals," every gun and searchlight position was put in telephone connection with its headquarters.

Then the men had to spread themselves over hundreds of square miles of country. Gun and light positions had to be found in the darkness and in atrocious weather.

But, despite such handicaps, one London searchlight company was able to get twenty-four lights in position and working within a day, and most of the lights had to be fetched from storage.

For billets, the "Terriers" had to depend on the good will of the public, and, as there had been no time to arrange rations, the men were given subsistence allowances and had to feed themselves as best they could.

There was a shortage of blankets, and, because in peacetime the Territorial Associations provide only one uniform per man, many had to spend days in wet kit.

But there was no serious grousing, and the public did everything it could to help the men in their plight.

ONE parson, who for two years had been unable to afford the use of the boiler system in his rambling vicarage, bought a stock of coke from his small savings and kept the furnace alight night and day so that "Terriers" from the gun station near by could have hot baths and dry their clothes.

And then the war clouds lifted.

The "Terriers" went back to their homes and jobs, went back with a new wisdom, a clearer insight into War Office bungling.

Officers in command of anti-aircraft units are already making suggestions of how improvements can be effected.

They are stressing the need for modern equipment, a more efficient organisation for the issue of war stores and essentials in a time of emergency, the establishment of permanent gun and searchlight sites.

These men know what they are talking about. That is why JOHN BULL urges fair play for the Territorials.

Humanity's World Champion

FOR the first time a parliament which represents the working people of the world has just met in London.

A little-known parliament, even though it does speak on behalf of about 865,000,000 people, even though it does get things done.

The International Labour Office, they call it.

Most successful of all the departments of the League of Nations, its efforts have done more for humanity than the eloquent speeches of statesmen or the decrees of dictators.

Just consider a few—a very few—of its achievements.

Holidays-with-pay. Our Government wouldn't even be dabbling with that great reform but for the persistence of the I.L.O.

* * *

After years of work, the Office persuaded all countries to adopt a Paid Holidays Convention in 1936.

So, despite the antagonism of a section of British employers, our Cabinet is having to put it into effect.

Then there was that question of seamen's wages.

Formerly, when a ship foundered on the high seas, the crew's pay ceased.

Men might spend weeks in open boats, weeks more on their journey home after being picked up by a passing vessel. "No ship, no pay" was the rule.

Then the I.L.O. got busy. It made a convention providing for pay up to two months after a ship was wrecked.

The British Government held out. But the I.L.O. refused to admit defeat.

After three years' constant persuasion it won a square deal for British seamen, too. And not only on that question of shipwreck pay, but on hours of labour, compensation, living accommodation and food.

* * *

Again, until recent years our young people could be worked any hours that their employers wished.

Children toiled for disgracefully long periods in the mines, factories and on the land.

The International Labour Office reached agreement on age limits and working hours, and that agreement is now part of our law.

Moreover, these conventions have world-wide effect, bringing reform in India as in Britain, on the rubber plantations of Borneo as well as the sweat shops of Chicago.

For the parliament now sitting in London is a real world parliament.

Yet, of course, it lacks the power to legislate. It can only agitate and plead.

When it draws up a convention it presses all the countries represented to ratify that agreement. Then urges legislation.

But all this is only part of its work. Another is concerned with acting as a sort of clearing-house for information on all trade and labour conditions.

It busies itself with everything from the pay of a pearl-diver in Samoa to a family budget in Sheffield.

It collects and files the report of a very small trade union meeting as carefully as a trade pact between Great Powers.

The I.L.O. constantly draws upon that vast and growing storehouse for its own great work of lightening the labours of people everywhere.

And it will cheerfully supply information to anyone, big employer or humble worker.

One letter in its postbag may be an enquiry from a Durham iron-moulder about the pay and conditions of iron-moulders in Alsace-Lorraine.

The next to be opened may come from a Government wanting details of social legislation in other countries.

* * *

And in the next a trade union leader demands particulars concerning a similar union at the other end of the world.

Of course, it costs money. From time to time carping employers bemoan the £400,000 that this great organisation needs every year.

It does sound a lot. But since it works out at a halfpenny a year for every worker in this country perhaps it isn't very much.

double your pleasure with..

PARK DRIVE

15 for 6d.

10 FOR 4D PLAIN OR CORK TIP (MILD) 5 FOR 2D

OPEN LETTERS

• Think Again, Elliot!
• Risking Child Lives
• Air Guard Muddling

Rt. Hon. WALTER ELLIOT, *Minister of Health*

SIR,—A tide of indignation is sweeping the country at your mere hint that the Government will make great inroads on the social services.

Slash pensions! Stop housing! Slow down health services!

A more infamous proposal has never been made by a man holding your vital office.

We must improve our defences, yes. But not at the cost of the nation's welfare, the children's health, the old folks' and ex-Servicemen's pittances.

Unless you want to lose every by-election and incur country-wide contempt, change your tune!—JOHN BULL.

MATRON, W. London Hospital: Your scheme to train girls of seventeen as nurses deserves success—if only because it will treat girls as human beings, not as puppets. And letting them choose own clothes might brighten the hospital!—JOHN BULL.

The EDUCATION COMMITTEE, *Staffordshire*

GENTLEMEN,—Men like you help to increase child deaths on the roads.

There are two schools in Audley, modern and half-empty. But you insist that many of the village children should walk two miles along a busy road that is only ten feet wide, has no footpath and many blind corners.

Parents have been "on strike" for weeks against this dangerous and stupid proposal. They have the sympathy of—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. D. LLOYD GEORGE, M.P., *Churt*

DEAR MR. LLOYD GEORGE,—The way you have broken your long silence disappoints me.

Your speech on the Crisis lacked a single constructive idea, ignored all the tasks of to-morrow and merely lamented the events of yesterday.

An "I told you so" diatribe, it might have been made by any firebrand who deplored the fact that Europe's peace has been saved.

It is not the message I expect from a statesman of your experience and shrewdness.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. THOMAS LEVY, M.P., *Holland Park Avenue, London*

DEAR MR. LEVY,—Muddle and monopoly are the main features of Britain's water supply.

The State is taking over coal royalties and main roads because national control of them is necessary.

But adequate supplies of pure water are left to any Tom, Dick and Harry who care to enter—and neglect—the business.

You have long urged a Water Grid. So have I.

It would see that no district was deprived of water in times of drought, prevent waste due to flooding, see that all supplies were pure.

There is now a hope of Government support. Well, there have been tons and tons of reports; what I want is an ounce of action.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. G. C. TRYON, M.P., *Postmaster-General*

DEAR SIR,—Remove the cotton-wool from your ears.

For thirty years the people of Dunsdale, Yorkshire, have pleaded for a post office. The village storekeeper is allowed to sell stamps—and be liable to pay £100 for any default—but that's all.

A notice tells people to telephone Guisborough in case of fire, but the nearest 'phone is two miles away.

If you want better business, listen to the demands of Dunsdale and places like it.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Leslie Hore-Belisha, Secretary for War

DEAR SIR,—Next Friday, when the nation commemorates the Armistice, it will feel profound thankfulness that a new and more terrible Great War has been averted.

The Two Minutes' Silence will express not only our remembrance of those who died that we might live, but our relief that the perils they faced are not again taking from us our sons and brothers.

More than ever before, the solemn ceremony at the Cenotaph will be a ceremony of Peace.

More than ever before, the flash of bayonets and the clash of rifles will mock its real significance.

Surely on such a poignant occasion anything that suggests by a show of armed might is to be deplored.

Why not make a special gesture?

Let the troops parade without weapons and in "undress" uniform. Let them stand bareheaded during the Silence.

Let them be men—men who are helping to preserve peace—rather than expressions of military pomp.

For this, I am convinced, is what every thinking person would greet as a fitting demonstration of the nation's hatred of war.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. HORACE MARSHALL, *Leeds Stipendiary*

YOUR WORSHIP,—The way some official busybodies behave you would think a parent should not look after his own children.

After a nine months' fight, a father has won his right to keep his ailing daughter away from school on Wednesday afternoons in order to take her into the country for fresh air.

Refusing a non-attendance summons, you emphatically declared that the child's health must come before education.

If the parent had been rich, the question would never have arisen. I hope those zealots who seek to coerce poor parents will note your decision.—JOHN BULL.

LORD MERTHYR: Welcome your Bill to make blood tests compulsory in disputed affiliation cases. Meets demand often expressed by—JOHN BULL.

Alderman J. J. MILTON, *Lord Mayor of Bristol*

MY LORD MAYOR,—Unemployed men who dug trenches for five days during the Crisis had their clothing ruined and are now unable to look for jobs.

Moreover, they worked for practically nothing—since the payment they received was offset by deductions in their public assistance allowances.

You demand that they should be given new suits at a cost of 30s. each, the Government paying 65 per cent. and local authorities the rest.

So far, you have met only with rebuff. Unless you win, it will be one of the worst blots on the Cabinet's record.—JOHN BULL.

Hon. EDWARD CADOGAN, *Prison Reformer*

DEAR SIR,—Just published is an ex-warder's book which ends a description of a prison flogging with these words:

"When the last stroke has been given the semi-conscious man, dripping with blood and torn flesh, is unshackled."

Anyone who defends that punishment is a barbarian. But you are able to state that the reform which I have always appealed will soon be put into effect.

I welcome the news. And I fancy that if judges who passed flogging sentences had to wield the lash themselves we should not have had to wait so long!—JOHN BULL.

LORD HEWART: Libel laws restrict our liberty, prevent exposures of scandals. Good news that you may attack this dangerous evil.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir KINGSLEY WOOD, M.P., *Minister for Air*

DEAR SIR,—Bring down the Civil Air Guard from the clouds and put it into harness!

So far, many of its plans are just dreams; those actually in operation are ill-controlled.

Volunteers are trained on obsolete machines. Many are turned away after six hours' flying as "unsuitable," having spent pounds on fees and equipment.

There is a shortage of instructors. Clubs and 'plane manufacturers are getting a big "rake-off."

In short, the whole scheme is being hopelessly mismanaged.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. F. WRIGHT, *Chairman, Norwich City F.C.*

DEAR SIR,—At the club's expense, twenty of your players are attending a technical college to fit themselves for a career when their football days are over.

It's said that your club is the first to adopt the scheme.

Well, Blackpool F.C. has a dozen players undergoing similar training—and makes the same claim.

So neither of you is unique. But you both deserve praise and imitation.—JOHN BULL.

Sir WILLIAM BASS, *Jockey Club Senior Steward, Newmarket*

DEAR SIR,—Because of the successes of low-weighted French horses in important handicaps this season, the Jockey Club will be urged to show less leniency in handicapping foreign horses.

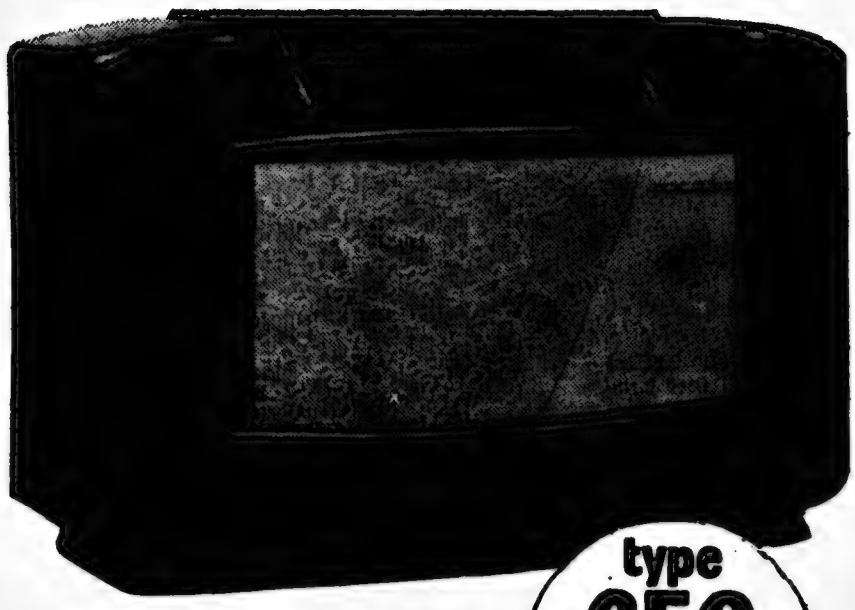
Take no notice! The supremacy of British bloodstock and racing has been achieved and will be maintained only by fearlessly taking on all-comers.—JOHN BULL.

An amazing improvement in Short-wave reception—

thanks to the

"SILENTRON"

valve



TYPE 650A is a 5-valve all-wave Superhet.
TYPE 650U is for D.C. mains 10½ gns.

type 650A 10 GNS

HEAR THIS HANDSOME STREAMLINED WORLD-TRAVELLER

New standards of world-listening are yours with this new 1939 streamlined receiver — Philips Type 650A. Designed by the pioneers of all-electric radio, this set gives exceptional all-round performance. Better results than ever are achieved on the medium and long-wavebands, but on short-waves reception is lifted to a level which for the first time offers real entertainment value. This is achieved by Philips new wonder-valve—the 'Silentron', designed to solve the problems of "background noise". Other technical refinements, notably the highly sensitive loudspeaker with sound diffuser are responsible for the very high quality of reproduction You will be glad you changed your old receiver for this handsome new streamlined "world-traveller".

PHILIPS NEW RANGE OF RECEIVERS. *There are seven all mains Table Models in the new Philips range — prices from 8 gns. to 17½ gns., a Console at 14 gns., and a magnificent Radiogram — 25 gns. All Philips mains-operated sets are also available for use on D.C. mains.*

"NEW LISTENING" BATTERY RECEIVERS. *For homes without electricity Philips Battery Receivers are built to the same standard of performance and reliability as the mains operated sets. Enjoy "New Listening" on a Philips Battery Receiver. Prices from 6½ gns. to 8 gns.*

It's time you changed to

PHILIPS

'New Listening'

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To: Philips Lamps Ltd. (Dept. B.W.90), 145, Charing Cross Rd., London, W.C.2
Please send me full particulars of Philips "New Listening" models.

NAME .....

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THERE IS A PHILIPS MOTORADIO FOR WHATEVER CAR YOU DRIVE

52D

History is made at night

HER CHILDREN'S PARTY A SUCCESS THE NIGHT BEFORE SHE GAVE IT

She needed abundant energy and good spirits to get everything ready and still feel fit to join in the kiddies' fun. Bourn-vita each night was her secret. YOU too would be better for the Bourn-vita 'night-cup.'

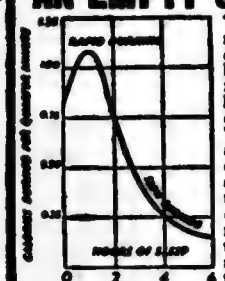
THE NIGHT IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN THE DAY. And when Bourn-vita looks after the night, the day will look after itself. Bourn-vita to-night means success to-morrow. Try it for yourself.

'You must be worn out,' said her friends. But her 'deep sleep secret' took the worry out of work—made success easy.

What with 'Oranges and Lemons' and frequent demands for cake, the kiddies kept her on the run. But she was fresh and fit for anything, for *she* knew the secret of success — that most of life's battles are won or lost *the night before they happen*. Energy, patience, good spirits, all depend on sound, restoring sleep. Not *long sleep but scientifically sound* sleep is what matters — 'Bourn-vita Sleep' in fact, that wards off illness and adds to energy by perfecting the sleep which modern life or your own anxieties might otherwise have left troubled, unrestoring.

Remember, the night is more important than the day. That's the time when Bourn-vita ensures that sleep shall be *sound* sleep — soothing nerves, mind and body, building up resistance to ills and chills, and bringing new life for to-morrow.

DON'T GO TO BED ON AN EMPTY STOMACH



Graph showing course of energy consumption during sleep

The body actually needs more energy during the first hour of sleep than in ordinary waking hours, although it quickly relaxes. When your stomach is empty less energy is available, and sound sleep is therefore slow in coming. Experiments have shown that Bourn-vita is a ready source of the quick energy your body needs, while actually soothing digestion and bringing deep refreshing sleep the whole night through.

SHE'S A BOURN-VITA WINTER-PROOFED GIRL. She laughs at the thought of coughs and colds. So would YOU if you took Bourn-vita every night.

9D PER ¼ LB
1/5 PER ½ LB
MADE BY CADBURYS

BOURN-VITA *to night makes to morrow just right*

PARADE of the STARS

by Hannen Swaffer

who has held over his weekly "Who's Who" so that he can ring up the curtain for the greatest cavalcade of stage history ever produced – Variety's Royal Command Performance at the London Coliseum

G. S. Melvin—Bransby Williams
Elsie and Doris Waters
Talbot O'Farrell—Harry Tate
Renee Houston—Will Fyffe
Evelyn Laye—Lupino Lane

WHEN the King and Queen see the Variety Command at the Coliseum on the night of Lord Mayor's Day, stage history will have its greatest cavalcade.

Lupino Lane, who is "Nipper" to all his old friends, will reach the apex of his career.

He will lead his own "Me and My Girl" company in the Lambeth Walk, and scores of stage notabilities will join in shouting "Oi," just as the King and Queen themselves shouted "Oi" with their servants when they joined in the dance at the Ghillies ball at Balmoral.

The night will be a living "Who's Who," for, dancing the Lambeth Walk with Evelyn Laye, Elsie and Doris Waters, Renee Houston and the other turns, there will be a crowd of stars who will come on specially at the end.

AMONG them will be Irene and Violet Vanbrugh, the daughters of Prebendary Barnes, of Exeter, whom W. T. Stead warned against allowing them to go on the stage because it was such an evil place.

Why, Irene lived to enjoy a stage jubilee which the Queen herself attended!

They have asked people from the theatre, the kinema and the music-hall to take part in this grand finale. So you will see, if only for a few minutes, reminiscences of famous musical comedies in the persons of Mabel Love, Veronica Brady and Desiree Ellinger.

Then, from the older days of the music-hall, will return Arthur Reece who, long before Hitler, used to sing "Sons of the sea....laughing foes to scorn," Vesta Victoria, whose "Waiting at the Church" was sung in every log cabin in the Empire; and Bransby Williams, notable for his Dickens characters.

Then there will be the Egbert Brothers, "The Happy Dustmen," whose practical jokes on tour made them feared by all the other stars until the terrible night when one of them, diving as usual into his dustman's sack, found that a comedian, determined to get his own back, had sprinkled it with cayenne pepper!

Leaving lodgings, the Egberts would nail a haddock underneath the table. As weeks passed, it got more and more smelly, to the bewilderment of every new lodger, who looked everywhere except the last place where you could see it.

Their pranks would fill a book....

Then among the old-timers will be Gus McNaughton and Talbot O'Farrell, Marie Kendall, Florrie Forde, still the greatest chorus-singer of them all; King and Benson, known for years as the page boy and the soubrette; and the inimitable Harry Tate.

Will Fyffe, Gene Gerrard, Eddie Gray, Tommy Handley, Jay Laurier, Billy Leonard, Gillie Potter, Tex McLeod, G. S. Melvin, Raymond Newell—here is a "Who's Who" in itself.

And they'll all be doing the Lambeth Walk and shouting the "Oi," which has swept Europe.

Lupino Lane's show, "Me and My Girl," was a failure, taking perhaps £400 a week. Then, last Christmas, millions of radio listeners heard "The Lambeth Walk" broadcast.

Ever since the Victoria Palace has been crammed to the doors. In Motor Show week they took £4,000!

Well, Nipper Lane, who will be the central figure of the Coliseum's great finale, is to-day the best-known of all the famous Lupino family — dancers, actors and pantomimists for nearly two centuries.

GEORGE RICHARD EASTCOURT LUPINO, who died in 1787, founded this long line of stage performers when he married Rosina Orlante.

The family tree they planted has become one of the most complicated in English theatrical history.

Into it there wandered Samuel Lane, son of a Devonshire fisherman. As a boy, he saved a honeymoon couple from drowning, and they awakened in him dreams of the great Metropolis. Sam walked to London.

On the road he met a highwayman, who gave him back his few shillings because he came from the same village.

Years later, out of gratitude, Samuel Lane went to Newgate, where the highwayman was awaiting execution. He gave the robber £5, helped him to escape, and got him a passage on a boat going to Australia.

Sam's first friend in London was 'Oppy, a one-legged crossing sweeper whom he met in Trafalgar Square.

'Oppy took Sam home with him to the East End where they shared lodgings with a former bank clerk who had got into trouble

It was the bank clerk who, while Sam was earning a shilling a day on the docks, taught him to love Shakespeare.

Out of this was born the Britannia, Hoxton, which was once a pub — the Union Saloon.

The bank clerk was stage manager and one-legged 'Oppy looked after the bar.

Then, once again, Sam met the honeymoon couple whom he had saved from drowning, and married their daughter.

She became Sarah Lane, leading lady of the "Old Brit.," Hoxton, and, in 55 years, she acted 1,000 parts on its stage.

When Sarah Lane died, she had a funeral attended by all the costers of the East End. Cockneydom had worshipped her.

Lupino Lane, her great-nephew, carries on the proud tradition as best he can.

The first Lupino tramped the country with his show. In the course of time, the Lupinos went by train—third-class, of course.

Often, when the collector came, Nipper had to be put under the seat or tucked away on the rack to save his fare.

Laurie Lupino Lane, the youngest of the Lupino family, is the twelfth generation.

HE is now in the film business.

When he was broadcasting regularly in the Children's Hour, he asked his father if he would go on the air with him one day, and added, "I think I can fix it."

Nipper himself exults in "Me and My Girl." Seldom has there been such excitement as when the whole company do the Lambeth Walk together.

Why, when they went down to Lambeth Walk itself, on the top of an old horse omnibus belonging to Henry Horne, the famous thoroughfare was jammed with 20,000 people.

They're All Going to Olympia

HOUSEWIVES, your days of drudgery are ending!

The modern kitchen, which you can see at Woman's Fair, Olympia, this week, will be the rest-room of the house.

Dust-proof, and with washable walls, it is all electric. The sink is of stainless steel, and there are also laundry fittings, compact and labour-saving, which can be stowed away neatly under a table.

Then there is an electric drying cupboard, as economical as it is efficient, which will recommend itself to every mother with small children, for not only will it accommodate laundry, but wet coats, too.

Colour-scheme for the kitchen is sky-blue and off-white, and lighting is cleverly arranged so that there are no dark corners.

An archway connects with a dining alcove, where a neatly designed fixed table with built-in seats occupies the minimum of space, yet provides accommodation for six people.

Every housewife will realise what a boon this is. It means that food can be served hot from the cooker, and eliminates juggling with a tray along narrow passages.

Yes, every woman who sees this wonder kitchen will long to have its counterpart in her own home; just as she will long to have so many of the things now on view at the Woman's Fair.

This exhibition is the most unique ever held in this country.

There is not a single interest of woman, either in the home or in business, which has been forgotten. Already it is attracting thousands of visitors.

So note down the Woman's Fair at Olympia as one of the things you must see. And remember the Fair is open daily until November 26.

FOR SMALL TRADERS. SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MORE MONEY. Sell Tablecloths, Towels, Silk Stockings, Overalls, Men's Socks, Ties, etc. A 1,000 bargains. Oldest Largest Cheapest & Best Wholesale firm. Write now for Catalogue & Guide.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

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HIS MAJESTY'S ARMY. Vacancies exist in all branches. Good Pay, Food, clothing and accommodation free. Opportunities for education, physical training and sport. Liberal holidays on full pay.—Apply any Army Recruiting Office, address obtainable at Post Offices and Employment Exchanges.

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BROCK'S
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IF you endure the agonies of asthma and bronchitis, learn how instant relief can be yours by filling in the coupon in the Potter Clarke announcement on page 37 for a free copy of a special booklet, "Are You Asthmatic?"

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WRITE FOR PROFIT. Send for free booklet. Regent Institute (101C), Palace Gate, W.8.

PEARL ENDOWMENT Policies bought outright, also Refuge and Salvation Army policies purchased.—Pioneer Sales, Winchester.

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FREE.—Hundreds of free gifts can be exchanged for Rowntree's Cocoa coupons, so send a 1d. postcard now to Dept. C.E.72, Rowntree & Co., Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, for a wonderful free booklet and voucher. See p. 25.

£100 in Cash Prizes. Don't overlook the Mason's Ginger Wine Essence announcement on page 32 An entry in this simple contest may win you that first prize of £50. Be sure to address your entries to Dept 61, Newball & Mason, Ltd., Nottingham

Sir Wyndham Childs' Special Dossier

"The Grasshopper" Jumps Again

JAMES LEROY McCUNE might be nicknamed "The Grasshopper."

As soon as he is disturbed in one shady enterprise he jumps off to another.

Southern Counties Traders' Association, of Christchurch Road, Boscombe, Hants, is the newest blade of grass on which he has alighted, and he is proudly fluttering his wings as a kind of king of debt-collectors.

But, as with all his trumpery concerns, he seems much more expert at collecting fees in advance.

No small sums, either.

One woman trader parted with £26 as advance fees and expenses before she realised that she was no nearer receiving the debts she had commissioned McCune's firm to collect.

First she was persuaded to become a member of the Association by paying a guinea.

She was assured that this entitled her to free collection of all debts due to her over a period of twelve months.

One long outstanding account was for furniture worth £70.

"I'll get that for you in no time," said McCune. "If I can't secure the money I'll get your furniture back."

He was very charming, very plausible.

So plausible, in fact, that the trader, Mrs. Tully, of Columbia Road, Ensbury Park, Bournemouth, was induced to pay him a further five guineas—a retaining fee, he called it.

Later came businesslike reports that he was getting on with the job, but when next he visited Mrs. Tully he bluffed her into paying a further twenty guineas.

The bustling McCune made it seem perfectly all right. This additional advance, he explained, was to cover expenses. "But don't worry," was his cheerful assurance; "you'll get it all back."

For the next six or seven weeks nothing more was heard from McCune, or the Southern Counties Traders' Association, and naturally Mrs. Tully began to feel worried.

Suddenly there came a telegram from McCune asking that her son should call at his office the following day with a lorry.

At last, she thought, she was to recover her furniture.

Off went young Tully, but, to his amazement, instead of being shown where he could load the furniture, he was asked for a further £4 "for expenses"!

Tully said there had been enough of this nonsense, and demanded the return of all the money paid by his mother.

In the end Mrs. Tully got a county court judgment for the amount due to her.

This is a typical example of "Grasshopper" McCune's idea of business

Many complaints about him have reached me from time to time.

From the same address in Boscombe he is running another venture under the grandiloquent title of International Employment Bureaux. Again he asks for fees in advance.

Applicants for domestic situations in England are asked to pay £1 1s., and a £5 5s. registration covers possible positions abroad or in the Dominions.

About three years ago a JOHN BULL exposure put an end to a mushroom charity scheme which he started from a small office in Lower Regent Street, London.

He was going about it all with his usual aplomb, and was trying to exploit well-known theatrical personalities.

Earlier, he had been employed by the promoters of a dubious charity scheme from which he received a third of the proceeds.

That was what gave him the idea to start one of his own.

I think it is time the police looked very thoroughly into the activities of Mr. James Leroy McCune.

Judge E. W. Cave heard about McCune's dodges in Bournemouth County Court

Beware of This Charity

AT last the Government is getting busy about the charity collecting racket.

Well, here's another sidelight into this dirty business.

The other day, a collector for the Good Samaritan Hospital for Optical Service, of Charlotte Street, London, W.C., was prosecuted.

I have warned readers before about this concern. Although it does a certain amount of genuine work, the money spent is only a small part of the total collected from the public.

★ ★ ★

Some indication of the way in which collecters are chosen may be gathered from the fact that the man who was fined has twice been to prison for living on immoral earnings.

His name is Albert Reader, and his address was given as 4, Mereton Place, London, S.W.

Before going to jail for the disgraceful offences I have named, he had been convicted for larceny and also for receiving stolen goods.

★ ★ ★

The collecting box he used had printed on it:

"Please help the Good Samaritan Hospital for Optical Services."

"Hospital" was in much larger type than the other words, and many people were under the impression that they were subscribing to a local institution.

Never was anything more urgent than a new law to put charity collecting on a proper basis.

Paying for Promises

CO-OPERATIVE MOTORING promises to do all kinds of things for you if you pay an annual subscription of 10s.

One of the benefits, whatever it means, reads: "Insurance premiums, tyres, car batteries—a fixed dividend of 3s. in the £ (private cars and commercial vehicles)."

The rest seems to be summed up in "unbiased and expert advice and experience always at your disposal."

Proprietors are described as Charles Henly and Co, with headquarters at South Place. Moorgate, London, E.C

But the organisation has no office at that address and the telephone number used on their literature belongs to a firm which lets small offices in the building.

* * *

The head of this concern told one of my representatives that someone, purporting to represent Co-operative Motoring, telephoned and made provisional arrangements to take an office.

He heard nothing more until he discovered that his address and telephone number were being used without his authority.

Mr. J. Cox, of "Marshbury," Orchard Way, Woodhatch, Reigate, who, I find, placed the order for the printing of the literature, says that he and a few friends thought the idea would be a good one.

"But some time ago I felt uneasy about the whole business, and decided to have nothing more to do with it."

At first he said that he had taken no real part in Co-operative Motoring, but he was perplexed when asked to explain about the printing order.

His friends, he said, had persuaded him to have the work done. He would not, however, name any of these friends.

Funeral Muddle Angers Villagers

PEOPLE in West Dorset are rightly indignant over a deplorable funeral muddle in one of their villages.

Mourners from long distances had gathered in the church at Corscombe.

The bell had tolled for more than an hour, and all preparations had been made for the burial of Andrew Hawkins, a hedger, who had been found dead in a ditch.

Then the waiting people began to grow anxious and there were whispered consultations.

Eventually the rector came from the vestry and told them the funeral could not take place that day.

He explained that owing to some confusion the body was still lying in the mortuary at Bridport, ten miles away.

* * *

Further enquiries revealed a situation which I most certainly think requires the immediate attention of the authorities concerned, so that never again will bereaved relatives be caused such needless distress and suffering.

The coroner for the district died about two months ago, and a young man, Mr. C. A. R. Thomas, is acting in his stead.

When the death of Hawkins was reported to him he ordered a post-mortem.

The body was taken to Bridport, though in all previous cases, I am told, examinations of this kind had been made in the village of Corscombe itself.

It was assumed, also because of a long-standing custom, that the authorities would arrange for the body to be taken back to Corscombe for the funeral.

Accordingly, the relatives arranged for the burial last Saturday week. There was considerable difficulty in gathering them together from their scattered homes.

People are asking why the police or the coroner's officer took no steps to acquaint the relatives that they would have to arrange for the body to be moved from Bridport to the village.

Instead, apparently, no action of any kind was taken and the body was left in the mortuary.

The rector, the Rev. A. N. C. Storrs, has made an indignant protest about the whole distressing affair.

"Why it was necessary to have the post-mortem in Bridport is beyond me," he says. "Arrangements could easily have been made for a local doctor to do it in the village.

"But, apart from that, all the muddle afterwards and the anxiety and suffering caused to poor people in their hour of grief is simply disgraceful."

Write to "John Bull" About it

Doorstep Pests

BEWARE of women, posing as nurses from local clinics, who try to collect an initial payment of 2s. for useless appliances which never arrive.

And the men, careful to call when husbands are at work, who foist on housewives a sheet of metal on which all utensils can be boiled on the gas-stove by using only one burner.

THEY LIVED IN DIFFERENT WORLDS, SQUIRE'S LADY AND FARMER'S WIFE, BUT . . .

THE YOUNG WIVES' TALE

A TRUE-LIFE STORY BY

COMPTON MACKENZIE

Author of "Sinister Street," "Carnival," and the recently filmed "Sylvia Scarlett"

Sir Robert has just telephoned, my lady. He is staying up in London for the week-end
Thank you, James
(THINKS) HE MIGHT AT LEAST HAVE TOLD ME HIMSELF. I HARDLY SEE HIM THESE DAYS...

There goes her ladyship, alone again
Poor thing! She looks so tired and drawn lately... Wonder dare I ask her to step in a moment. She may like to taste my griddle cakes!

20 MINUTES LATER
I love this kitchen, it's so cosy... You must be awfully happy...
Oh, yes, Bob and I are awfully happy together. It's hard work, but we like it...

On her way home, Lady Mary thought: "Why can't my marriage be happy like that? My nerves and tiredness are ruining everything."

NEXT DAY SHE SAW HER DOCTOR
...and I even wake tired, doctor
From what you tell me, Lady Mary, your trouble is Night Starvation. That's why you wake tired every morning, feel and look washed-out. Recent hospital tests have proved that Horlicks is what you need...

HORLICKS FOR LADY MARY EVERY NIGHT. SOON HER TIREDNESS AND 'NERVES' DISAPPEARED.

SIX WEEKS LATER
Darling, however could I have neglected you. You're so wonderful
(THINKS) LIFE'S WORTH LIVING AGAIN, THANKS TO HORLICKS

"The laboratory is ready for the blood tests," the doctor said. "You'd better wake the patient."

Doctors and scientists co-operate in hospital tests

AN AMAZING series of tests was made recently in a great London hospital to find out why some people always wake tired, feel run-down, "nervy."

Blood was taken from tired, run-down people at night and tested. It was found in every case to contain an excess of acid waste products such as carbon dioxide (CO_2). This excess was activating their brain and nerves, which means that though their bodies were sound asleep, their brain and nerves lay wide awake.

When the doctors gave these same people Horlicks at bedtime, it caused complete neutralisation of excess acid waste products. The result was that these people woke refreshed every morning.

* * *

Start taking Horlicks tonight. Prices from 2/-, at all chemists and grocers. Mixers 6d. and 1/-.

"AN ESCAPE FROM PAIN

A NEVER-FAILING TONIC"

writes Matron of London Nursing Home

This letter points to the great value of Phensic: "Patients find in Phensic a reliable escape from severe pain, and from the discomfort of high temperatures. Whatever the cause Phensic seems to give rapid relief, and it never harms the heart."

POWERFUL and SAFE! Weakest invalids benefit. Nerve pains of every kind: Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis, Neuralgia, Headache and Rheumatic pain is swiftly eased leaving the mind refreshed and the body comfortable.

At all chemists: 3d, 6d, 1/3, 3/- & 5/-.

"The Quick Reviver"

Phensic

Pronounced 'FEN-ZIK' Brand

The Wonderful Tablets that Drive out PAIN

A way with the DIRT – by DUDLEY

'Dudley' has a way with the dirt

YOUR Dudley Electric Vac. will make short work of the dirt. It will save you time as well as backaches. It tackles a thorough spring-clean as uncomplainingly as it sweeps up the crumbs after a meal. And in the Dudley range there's a style and type to suit just *you*—whether the cleaning is mansions or motoring rugs. Ask at your Co-operative Society for leaflet or write C.W.S. Dept. J.B.1, National Works, Dudley.

Why a Co-operative Vac.? Because C.W.S. Vacs. are built for service—not profit, they represent the maximum value.

DUDLEY Electric The Co-operator's VACUUM CLEANERS

FIVE MODELS: Vac-duster ... 4 guineas; "Popular" ... 8 "; "De-Luxe" ... 14 "; "Super" ... 18 "; "Junior" ... £8.19.6

Co-operative Press Agency P714

Lazy, languid appetites aroused with

HP SAUCE

The World's Appetiser.

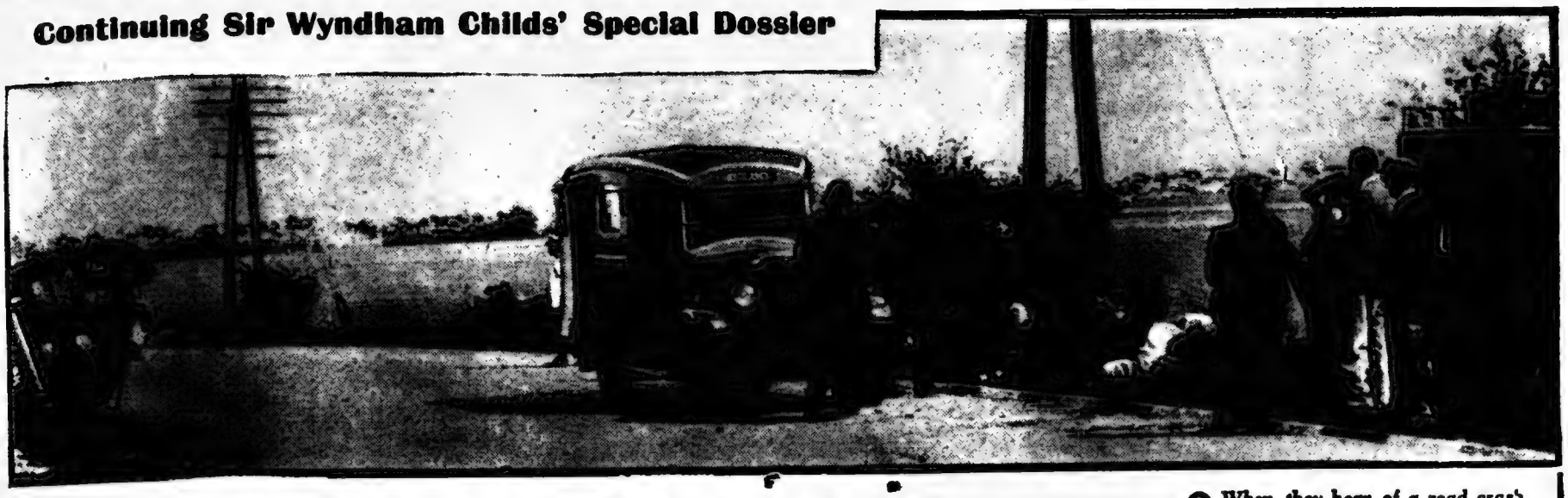
9d. and 3d.

RHEUMATISM

LASTING RELIEF!

"... I had Neuritis in my arm, could not move it for four months, they (Uracc Brand Tablets) have completely cured me, I have never felt any pain since."—M.B., Roydon. Free sample from Newbery and Phillips, Ltd., 35m, Banner Street, London, E.C.1. From your chemist, 1/3 and 3/-.

Continuing Sir Wyndham Childs' Special Dossier



● *When they hear of a road crash like this, the legal aid ghouls smile. They see it, not as a tragedy, but as a potential source of profit*

Worst Legal Racketeer Unmasked

LONDON has a new boss racketeer—plump, little William Henry Rossetta, whose name reveals his Italian origin.

He is in the early forties, and for two years has hidden himself behind a very profitable ramp in accident claims.

Possibly his Chicago counterpart would regard him as small fry.

He does not go about with a bodyguard ready to shoot on sight, but in his quiet, subtle way he rules his dummies, touts and look-out men as despotically as the most ruthless gangster in America.

After paying all expenses, there are big rewards to be filched from money which rightly belongs to people injured in accidents, or to the dependants of those who are killed.

I have before me a mass of information concerning the way certain "Claims Assessors" and "Legal Aid Societies" work.

Touts who get first news of accidents from various sources swoop like carrion birds on the injured people or their relatives.

Unblushing in their desecration of the term legal aid, they profess that the organisations they represent can take care of all the details of a compensation claim.

Usually, they secure a signature to a form, the wording of which is seldom understood properly.

Later, those who have been hurried into signing realise that the document provides for the deduction of heavy commission and other expenses.

In the end, the compensation they get may amount to only a few pounds.

Often, too, people who have trusted these ghouls find themselves responsible for heavy legal costs when they lose their actions.

VIGOROUS attempts have been made to stop such plundering, and it seemed likely that the claws of the pirates would be cut when the Law Society forbade solicitors to handle their claims.

But the racket still goes on. If anything, it is increasing.

Ways and means are found of getting round the new rules of the Law Society designed to keep solicitors away from the wretched business.

Often accident victims can be robbed without resorting to any legal action and, even when that is necessary, there are shady lawyers who take on the work and know how to cover up their tracks.

It is known that hospital porters, ambulance drivers, policemen and even doctors are bribed to give the names and addresses of people involved in accidents.

Some time ago two temporary clerks dismissed from the Accident Department at Scotland Yard confessed that there was a system of regular payments.

For long the police have suspected that there was a master mind behind many of these legal aid societies.

Recent enquiries have shown they were right.

They have, at any rate, at last torn aside the elaborate camouflage of Mr. Rossetta, and found that he is one of the chief offenders.

Two of his "legal aid" concerns were until recently being operated from offices in Budge Row and Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

Away in the background, always smoking a cigar, is the calm, cunning Rossetta, drawing the biggest share of the spoils, and steering his organisation just clear of the Law.

CLOSE on the heels of Rossetta in the same ramp is George Sturley. This man trades as a claims assessor in the name of "Wyndhams," at Broadway, London, E.

Some years ago George Sturley was one of the leading lights of a very active, long firm fraud coterie.

His father had done the same thing before him and had a long list of convictions.

George was soon in trouble, too, and he has been to prison more than once.

Another man who has found easy money in this legal aid bluff is Luke Dennis, or J. Ashley Dennis, as he sometimes calls himself

His organisation has been known as the Legal Aid Association, the National Legal Aid Society, and the General Legal Aid Society.

A little while ago a sideline he started brought trouble from which even legal aid could not save him.

Fifteen months' hard labour was the price he paid for obtaining money by false pretences.

They are a despicable gang, big boss Rossetta and all the rest of them.

Only new and drastic legislation will put an end to their tricks.

He's Far Too Daring

TONY DERING calls himself "The World's Craziest Driver and International Stunt Ace."

For all I know, he might be, but certainly he does appear to be one of the world's worst partners.

A young man who recently joined him and paid £20 for doing so has no doubt about it.

He was earning £2 10s. a week, but was anxious to get on. So he advertised: "Intelligent young man, twenty-one, seeks situation with prospects. Will train for anything."

Dering answered, and the young man was taken into partnership.

He paid £20 "towards the cost of equipment," etc., but it was clearly stipulated in the agreement that this would be returned under certain conditions.

On the first day the aspiring young man was photographed with the thrill king.

A few days later he expected to appear at a performance at Dagenham, but at the last moment he was told that the show had been cancelled.

At the end of a week he received his first salary cheque for £5. This was cashed for him by his grocer, but was returned marked "refer to drawer."

Then the young man, who belongs to the Territorials, was called up.

When he was released he went to Dering's flat in Mornington Place, London, N.W.1, but he was away.

Later they met by chance, and the "International Stunt Ace," pleading he had lost his money during the crisis, asked to be given until the following Saturday to pay the amount owing.

He did not keep an appointment, and now the young man who was so anxious to get on finds himself minus a job and £20, and also owing £5 to the tradesman who cashed the worthless cheque.

Be daring if you must, but don't ask Tony to show you how.

Public Benefactor

Mrs. S. G. Ackford, of Penpethy, Delabole, North Cornwall, spotted an advertisement in which a snare was cleverly hidden.

She receives the £1 1s. this week.

All readers can help me in this very useful service, which saves hundreds of people from falling into the clutches of crooks and swindlers.

Mark your envelope "Public Benefactor" and address to Sir Wyndham Childs, "John Bull," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

You Have Been Warned!

JULIAN WRIGHT, composer and arranger, who lies in wait for budding song-writers, says he has publishers ready to include numbers in their "new season releases."

But there is always the little matter of a fee—and that is about all it amounts to.

Julian has now moved to Herne Bay.

* * *

NEW agencies anxious to promote pen friendships and marriages are springing up.

Among them are the League of Happy Companions, of All Saints' Street, Islington, London, N.1.; the National Union of Friends, and the British Empire Partners, both of High Holborn, London.

Their luring literature would be comic if it did not hide so much potential mischief and tragedy.

One of them puts it all on the bargain counter with a special cut price for ten days only!

* * *

EVERYONE is sorry for refugees, but Dr. Karl Singer won't encourage sympathy by trading on grief.

He watches the death notices in British papers and then sends to relatives what he describes as "a memorial table of your piety service."

Writing from an address in France, he explains that he had to flee from Austria, and pertly asks that 3s. should be sent to him "by cheque or postal order, please."

* * *

THE gold watch and ring (all for 1s.) crooks are rampant. They stand in the doorway of an empty shop, open a suitcase which holds a dazzling display, and pretend that their firm is making an advertising offer "before starting up on this site."

As soon as they muster a crowd, confederates snap up "bargains."

Then there is a brisk sale of envelopes, "with just the same in, sir."

Before the buyers realise they have paid 1s. for rubbish the slick salesman have slipped away.

It's an old, old dodge.

* * *

WHEN H. J. Herbert and E. H. Cole, of Automatic Salesmen, Ltd., win their cases and are unable to extract their pound of flesh they promptly put the bailiffs in.

If they lose, it is a different matter.

Still another report reaches me of their refusing to pay up when the verdict has gone against them.

However, the Law, which they so frequently invoke, provides means for making them pay in the long run, even though, as Lord Justice McKinnon has stated, they "do not appear to have the most elementary sense of honesty or decency."

Player's
CORK TIPPED MEDIUM OR MILD
Though fashion may influence her choice in many matters, she smokes Player's because, like so many of her friends, she prefers these excellent cork-tipped cigarettes.
10 for 6D • 20 for 11½D
N.C.C.4438

Know your Neighbour

JOHN BULL'S Investigator introduces you to the man-in-the-street of other countries.

No. 3—ITALY

Priests and soldiers in Italy share the daily guidance of the people

Antonio is a Family Man

I WENT to Rome to find my typical Italian man-in-the-street—but a high official of the Fascist Party suggested Milan.

"In Rome," he said, in a shocked way, "there are wives of respectable husbands who go out in the afternoons unaccompanied! I have even seen women smoking in the street here!"

That meant, he explained, that Rome was certainly not representative of the rest of Italy. It was too cosmopolitan, too modern—and it housed so many officials.

So Italy's representative in this series comes from Milan. . . .

Antonio, his wife Rosa, his two boys of six and four, and his daughter of two are certainly typical of Italy.

Rosa, for instance, has left her home only twice without her husband in her whole seven years of married life. And lest her neighbours should misjudge her, on either occasion she has always given them the reason.

Once was when her mother was taken ill suddenly and needed attention. On the other occasion she had been told there was a fire at her little Pietro's school two blocks away.

A mother's desperation made her gather up her skirts and run. But even in the stress of that moment she didn't forget to veil her flaming face with her hand.

Yet for all this seclusion Rosa could give the more worldly women of other nations a lesson in bargaining.

Hear her at the door when a tradesman calls—and, except in the country districts, it is the housewife's practice to make all her housekeeping purchases at the door.

"You are joking," she will say, when the greengrocer names his price for tomatoes. "It is one great big terrible joke. But I will not have such humour. I will find somebody who treats me seriously."

Down will come the price. Yet Rosa will exact one more tomato as make-weight before she will admit she is being treated seriously.

ROSA *has* to bargain. All the middle-class and working-class wives have to in Italy, where wages are lower than anywhere else in Europe, with the one exception of Spain.

Antonio's wages as a warehouse clerk are only 32s. a week, and nearly half of that goes as rent for their three-room flat.

But "we've got nothing to grumble about," says Antonio.

And in a country where road workers get from 7½d. to 1s. a day, farm workers 1s. 6d. to 2s. 1d., unskilled workers 2s. 6d. to 3s. 2d., and skilled workers 3s. 8d. to 5s. 2d., Antonio and Rosa are certainly not among the poorest.

Many a British housewife, in fact, would envy that little Italian mother her happiness.

For if she mustn't go out while her husband is at work, he wouldn't think of having an evening out without her—unless the circumstances were very special.

When he goes to the café at night (which is often), she goes too. The children as well—even the tiniest tot!

With what pride Antonio pilots them all to a table, hoping that everybody notices that he has *three* children—not a mere one or two—and such remarkable children, too!

He will keep an ear tilted for any complimentary remarks concerning them. And when he hears one, as he invariably does, he is not afraid to push a big hand across the table to squeeze the hand of Rosa.

What will father have? Why, what better than nice sweet wine? And Rosa? Nice sweet wine for her, too! And the children? Sweet wine again, diluted with a dash of water.

"Drink it!" urges Rosa. "It will make you grow up big and strong!"

Then the procession home again—with Antonio, head in air, still hoping that everybody notices there are three of them, and not a mere one or two. And hoping, too, that they notice Rosa.

Sunday is their great day. Theatres and cinemas are open longer because it is Sunday—and they are always crowded. And at Sunday dinner time Rosa and family are always either going to a party or having one at home.

How different her everyday life from the British housewife's.

As soon as she has given her husband his breakfast of coffee and bread—not always is butter added—she will fall into a frenzy of housework.

At nine o'clock she will begin cooking the midday dinner. From then until 12.30, when her husband leaves work, she will not turn for a moment from her task of preparing that great meal of the day.

AS soon as he enters it will be ready—dish after dish of it, vegetable dishes for the most part, and all cooked with a master-touch. And always washed down with cheap wine.

Over dinner she will tell Antonio that the two boys have been watching her cook—and learning. Ah! how important that the *boys* should learn cooking.

For just as feverishly as working-class French parents will save to provide their daughters with a marriage dowry, so will their Italian counterparts scrape to give at least one boy a start as *patron* of a restaurant.

There is something so noble about ministering to a hungry man, thinks an Italian. Therefore a family that has given the world at least one good restaurant keeper can well afford to hold up its head!

Anyhow, not until nearly 4 p.m. will Antonio set out for work again—for over most of Italy the dinner "hour" lasts three hours.

And so life goes on for Antonio and Rosa.

The State, as exemplified by soldiers and officials in countless varieties of uniform, say they mustn't do some things. The Church tells them they mustn't do others.

Both State and Church combine in some respects. Both, for instance, tell them that they couldn't get a divorce—even if they wanted it.

YET Antonio has far more liberty of speech than Hans in Berlin.

He can express somewhat Leftist views, as long as his words are chosen so carefully that he doesn't oppose the State.

He can rail against "wicked capitalists"—as long as he is favouring the type of Syndicalism that doesn't tug against Fascism.

He can argue politics publicly—with due caution!

"Hold what opinions you like *within the State*," is the formula for pleasing the powers-that-be.

But Antonio mustn't grumble. Grumblers tend to find themselves served with their army papers.

Grumblers are the first to find their labour passports cancelled—and without that permit where shall one find a job except in the army or on the roads—perhaps the roads of Abyssinia!

Antonio doesn't want army life. Nor Colonial life. He wants peace in that little flat; hours of happiness with Rosa in the café of his choice.

He was a happy man that night when he rushed home to tell Rosa that there was going to be peace in Europe after all, and that it was Il Duce who had done it all!

It was news—and wonderful news at that—to Rosa.

She had heard nothing over the wireless, for, with a decent six-valve set costing about £25—or two months' wages—they won't be able to afford that luxury until Il Duce wins for Italy such a place in the world that her people will no longer be poor.

Antonio says it will be done without war. Il Duce has promised. It is the wicked League of Nations that stands in the way. Il Duce has said so.

Antonio's cousin, Luigi, says and believes the same thing. Luigi leads a country life in a little township in the mountains

Once he knew unemployment. The tiny dole given him made him thank his stars an Italian can live on little more than vegetables.

But it wasn't given him as a charity. It was his right.

THE card of redemption they gave him, a card which pledged him to pay the money back by small weekly contributions to the unemployment fund whenever his wheel of fortune turned, made that clear.

"I gave help to the State in prosperity. It is happy to help me in adversity," is how Luigi looks at it.

That help is meagre compared with ours. But it is more elastic. It will give special foods to a sick wife. It will send an ailing child to the sea.

It will never say: "We'd like to do something special, but it isn't allowed by the Statutes."

That "prosperity" Luigi speaks about was just 22s. a week as an unskilled worker; and that is the wage he is drawing again to-day.

But sometimes he can get a free lift to the nearest town on a Saturday—and on Saturday night all the theatres are open to the workers at twopence a seat.

SO, despite the lowness of his wages, he manages to live.

"However does he do it?" asks the average Briton, hearing that Luigi's milk is 2½d. a pint, his cheese 1s. a pound, his beef 1s. 6d., and his sugar 9d.

What Luigi asks is, "However does the *Englishman* do it?"

His propagandists have told him that wine costs several shillings a bottle in Britain—and he pays 2½d. a bottle. He hears with horror that tomatoes have fetched 6d. a pound in London—and he pays 1d. for 2½ pounds.

When he hears of our vegetable prices, he pictures a starving Britain.

He never hears of the foods that are ridiculously cheap here as compared with the prices he must pay. No wonder countries cannot learn to understand one another!

Still, Luigi is far poorer than you.

So is his cousin Antonio, in the town.

Luigi loves peace, hates war as much as you. So does Antonio.

Poor Guy will soon be burned again. But he'll leave plenty of live rebels behind.
Hot-headed, determined men—some of them. Mere cranks, others. All of them serious and convinced of the justice of their cause.
Thousands of them!
But Britain treats them tolerantly—even with amusement.
That is one of the advantages of Democracy.
We let them talk and agitate and demonstrate, knowing that to suppress them would only make them martyrs.
And, so long as they keep the peace, they will be allowed to continue their rights of free speech and liberty of action.
Now meet them, hear their demands, witness their exploits . . .

REBEL. The word carries the echo of a sniper's rifle . . . evokes the vision of a white-faced man, with his back against the wall, staring wild-eyed into the muzzles of a firing-squad.

And that is what rebels really are like—outside Britain.

But our home-grown varieties are altogether different. They are, more often than not, arty, bearded men, who spin vague, wordy plots over cups of tea in a Bloomsbury cellar; or sallow, callow youths shouting empty slogans to indifferent crowds in Hyde Park.

For years Britain has treated those sons of Guy Fawkes indulgently; and perhaps that is our greatest safeguard against revolution.

If, as in other countries, the discontented elements had been suppressed, persecuted, driven underground, they might have turned their empty words into dangerous deeds.

Shoot a rebel and make a martyr—that's a truth which history has proved time and again.

Who are our rebels? What are their aims? How do they plot and scheme?

Well, most fiery of all, and the only ones to try real Guy Fawkes violence, are the Welsh Nationalists.

YOU remember how three of their leaders burned the Government bombing school on the Lleyn peninsula, near Pwllheli, in 1936?

But this act was double-edged. Although it drew the cheers of the hot-heads of the Party, it antagonised thousands of the Welsh people.

The three men responsible—a University professor, a schoolmaster, and a minister—were sent for trial at Carnarvon Assizes.

They persisted in speaking only Welsh. The Judge lost hs patience and ordered them to speak English.

Although they admitted destroying Government property, the jury disagreed on its verdict, and a new trial was necessary.

To the horror of the Nationalists, the second trial was held at the Central Criminal Court, London.

Again the three prisoners refused to let English words pass their lips, and so a Welsh law student acted as interpreter.

The men on trial, of course, understood what was said in court just as well as he did. Yet the solemn pretence of translation was carefully preserved. Very British, that.

WITHOUT leaving the box, the jury found the defendants guilty, and each of them was sentenced to nine months in the second division, which they served in Wormwood Scrubs Prison.

On their release they returned to Wales in triumph. More than twelve thousand Nationalists gathered to honour them. They were fêted as martyrs.

But moderates among the Nationalists were dismayed. Ever since that time there have been rifts in the Party: rifts that have grown wider and deeper.

Thousands of resignations have poured in. There have been indignant protests against pro-Fascist and extremist tactics, for the aims of the sensible Nationalists are peaceful and democratic, and the demand for a reasonable plan of Home Rule has the support of the Labour Party.

So the fire-eaters no longer pin their hopes to dynamite and intimidation. Instead, they have joined the rest of our peaceful rebels.

At night in village schoolrooms, farm kitchens and rectories, they gather in the light of oil lamps to talk and talk and talk.

Their wildest deeds are now the posting of notices on telegraph poles, and the distribution of leaflets urging the Welsh people to boycott such unpatriotic things as the Royal Bath Show!

Mind you, they can still get to white heat in their eloquent pleas for a Secretary of State for Wales, the use of the Welsh language in courts of law, their own taxation and customs services, the recognition of their country on the British coinage, and the inclusion of their Standard on the Union Jack.

But now their only gunpowder is words. They have given up the Guy Fawkes methods.

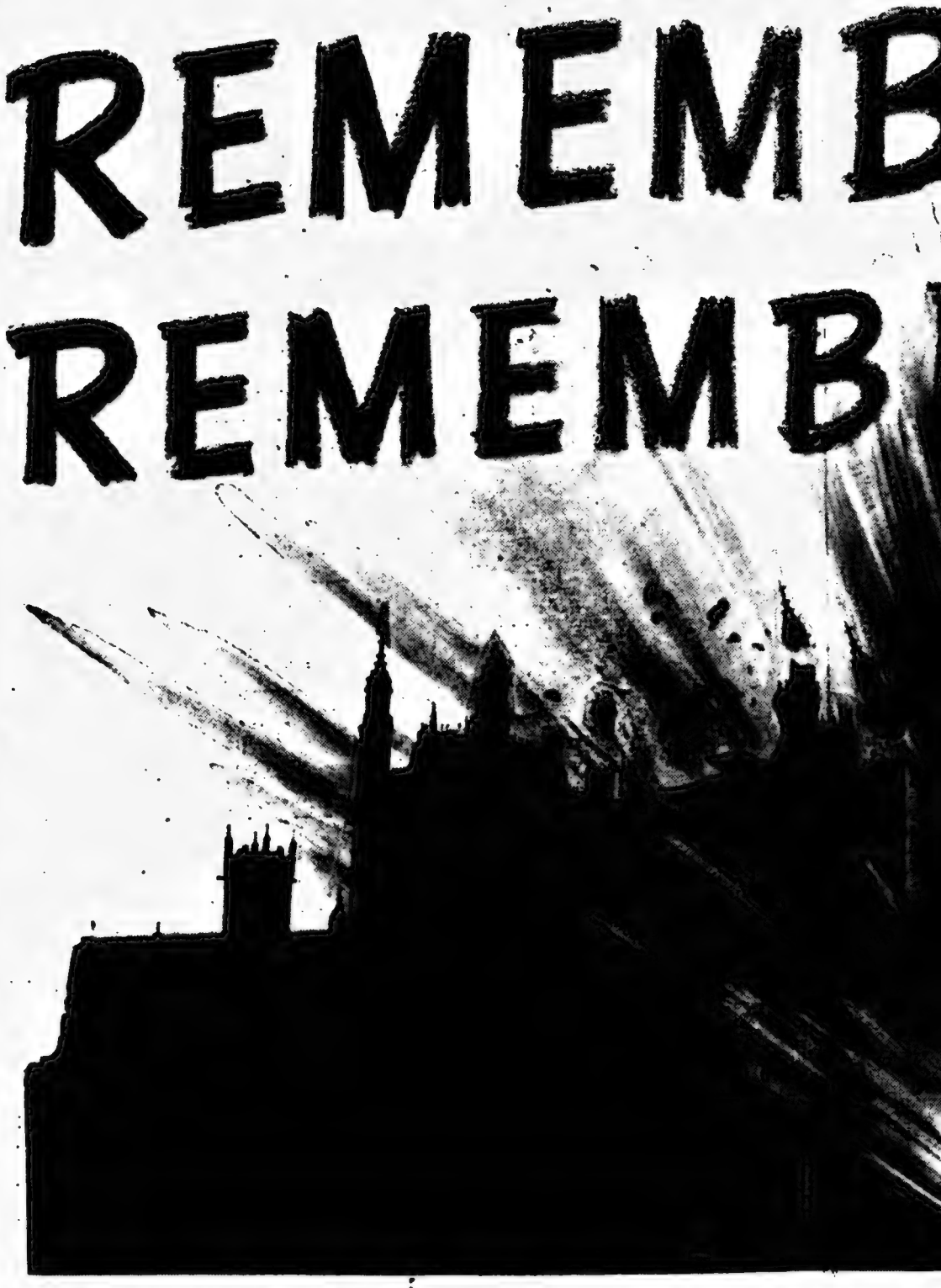
The Scottish Nationalists, too, are learning this lesson. To-day they don't call for the blood of the tyrannous Sassenachs. Their most daring exploit was the theft of the sword wielded by Sir William Wallace, Scotland's deliverer, from the Wallace Monument Museum at Stirling.

But the deed bore the stamp of a practical joke rather than the desperate plot of embittered rebels.

Four masked men entered the Museum and bound the janitor.

"We are Scottish Nationalists," said the leader, "and we have come for the Sword."

"Ye canna hae it," said the aged caretaker.



Our "Guy Fawkes" of to-day don't seek t
Even the most fiery of them have learned th
to talk than to smuggle barrels of gunpowde
cellars. . . . And can't they

They paid no attention to his scornful remonstrance. Instead, they took the sword and left a note behind.

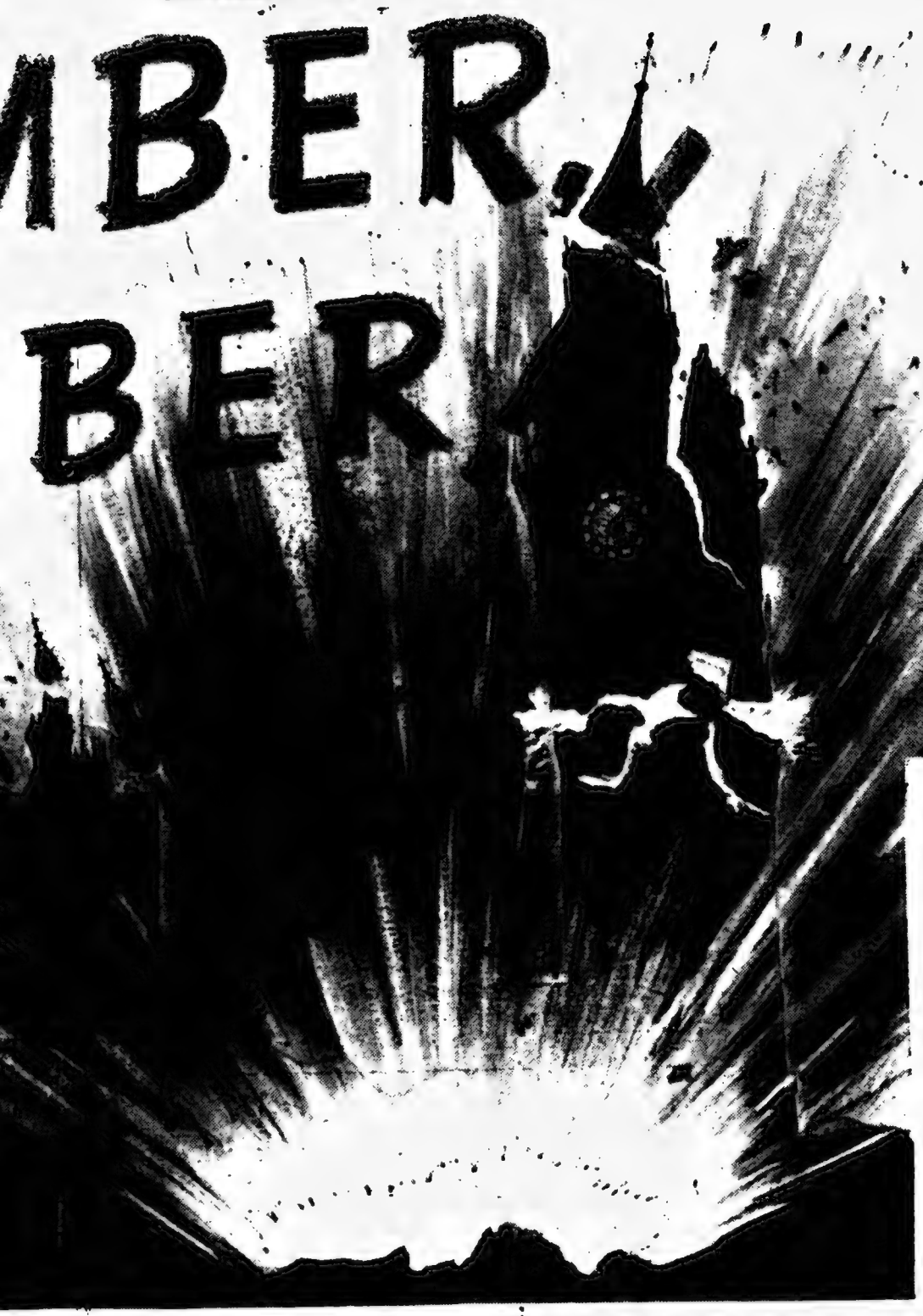
It was written in block letters, and it said that the Sword of Freedom had been taken to prevent its desecration by "tartan treacheries and comic postcards."

Stirring words!

AND now the sword with which Wallace split English heads is being treasured in a secret hiding-place. Are its keepers waiting for the day when it will again be brandished aloft in the battle for Scottish independence?

No. It is far more likely that the rebels are so ashamed of the whole incident that they cannot face the ridicule they would suffer by returning the sword.

The secret Scottish Republican Army that was supposed to be marching and counter-marching through the lonely glens died



f to-day don't seek to blow up Parliament. them have learned that it's so much easier e barrels of gunpowder into Westminster's . . . . And can't they talk !

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quietly without ever firing a shot. Night manœuvres in a north-east gale for a cause that was as windy as the weather chilled their ardour.

And yet, in Scotland as in Wales, there are rational and deserving reforms which should be made.

Scotland has its own departments for such affairs as health and education, its own legal system, but it is indefensible that only one Cabinet Minister should represent it in the Government, and that Scottish affairs are hurriedly discussed in a half-empty House of Commons.

Now let us look at England's revolutionaries — the Harlequin Armies of Red, Black and Green.

Outside this country, they would have been hounded down by squads of secret police and thrown into concentration camps. Some would have been introduced to the headsman's axe.

We just laughed at them. . . .

The laughter made them more angry, and brickbats began to fly in the East End of London and in the market places of Northern cities.

What happened then? The man in the street decided that this was a bit too thick. But he didn't call for a detachment of troops armed with tear-gas bombs and riot guns.

HE just sent for the police, as calmly as he would when any other trouble-maker was interfering with his right to walk in safety.

There were a few baton charges, a few sore heads among the "rebels," a few fines and a few fanatics sent to cool their heels in jail for fourteen days.

Then there are the Communists, whose numbers have grown and are now nearing the 16,000 mark.

They are the only rebel party with its own M.P.—talkative Mr. W. Gallacher, of Fife—and they boast forty-four members in local councils.

Diminutive Harry Pollitt is their leader, one of the mildest and most pleasant men one could ever hope to meet.

It is only on the platform that he is a tiger; but we've got free speech in Britain and free thought, too, so nobody minds very much what Mr. Pollitt says.

That is why his great rival, Sir Oswald Mosley, and his Blackshirts are allowed to preach their cause to any who care to listen. As long as it stays at preaching, nobody minds; and you can't whip up much of a revolution under those conditions.

So the Blackshirts are declining. If an enthusiastic recruit wants to sell the Party organ and wear his black shirt at the same time he has to keep his coat collar buttoned up.

And the marches in military formation, directed by officers in field boots and Sam Browne belts, have become things of the inglorious past.

Now and again there is an outburst of Jewish persecution in the East End of London, and the Blackshirts are blamed.

But often it is clear that this terrorism is the work of hooligan youths of the same breed as race-course gangs.

Our police know how to handle this kind of trouble, and magistrates have come to realise that it calls for heavy punishment.

Last of the Harlequin Armies are the boys in green who preach the theories of Social Credit, which are as clear as mud to the average Englishman.

In brief, they want a method of inflation of currency which would guarantee everyone a dividend of about £5 a week.

All that such a will-o'-the-wisp theory could guarantee would be the complete destruction of our national finance and commerce.

NOT long ago, eight of them marched through the City of London to the Bank of England banging drums.

Having made their demonstration, they faded away. Perhaps their hollow drumming symbolised the emptiness of their creed.

Milder still are the campaigns of the British Israel Movement. Their large body of earnest supporters are convinced that the British people are the descendants of the Lost Ten Tribes.

To them the Throne of Britain is the modern continuation of the Throne of David, and they maintain that Palestine should become a British possession.

These are busy days for them. They are preparing for the time when, they assert, Britain and the United States will be ruled by one king. That is to come in the year 1947.

They are even making plans for the Millennium, and are insistent that Britain must leave the League of Nations at once, for it might be disastrous if we continue to confer with the "anti-God State of Russia."

INDEED, they want to abolish the League entirely, and predicted that it would collapse in 1936, when it was to have been buried by "an overflowing shower of Jehovah's anger, and great hailstones would consume it."

In no way are the British Israelites a Jewish or anti-Jewish organisation. But they oppose, and resolutely, the granting of Palestine as a national home for the Tribe of Judah.

To them, that would be grossly unfair to the rest of the Lost Ten Tribes.

Well, so long as the British Israelites confine themselves to prophecies—and that is really all they want to do—no one need be alarmed.

From their quiet discussions, let us go to the West Country home of a lonely plotter who wants to oust King George from the Throne and occupy it himself.

"King Anthony the First," as he modestly calls himself, demands the immediate abolition of Parliament.

He circulates his own currency notes, which his rustic supporters may redeem—if they can—when he is crowned.

MORE than once he has been in trouble, but he continues his schemes, undeterred by the obstinacy of the powers-that-be and the smiling scepticism of the people.

He is Anthony Hall, ex-inspector of a county police force, dwelling in a cottage until the glorious day when he will move into Buckingham Palace.

Claiming to be a Tudor, and the direct male descendant of King Henry VIII, he doesn't mind admitting the bar sinister on his escutcheon.

He is not the only Pretender to the Throne, but, if anything, the others cut less ice than Anthony. They haven't got his push or his assurance.

Of republican plotters, there are none. Nor are there any anarchists left to plan the assassination of Cabinet Ministers or the blowing-up of Greenwich Observatory and the Mint.

Guy Fawkes' sons have moved with the times.

Bombs are so old-fashioned, and it is so much easier to talk and talk and talk.

"Crime Man" by Stanley Bishop

who continues his thrilling series of the "inside stories" of crimes which have made history.

Fleet Street's most famous crime reporter is well known to "John Bull" readers for his graphic writing, and here he takes you behind the headlines, tells you about the human dramas he has watched from the discovery of the crime until that final moment when the judge pronounces sentence of death.

DEAD MAN'S TALE

THEY say that "Dead men tell no tales."

I know of one who did—and sent two merciless gunmen to the gallows

He was George William Gutteridge, police-constable in the Essex village of Stapleford Abbots, and his killers were Frederick Guy Browne and William Henry Kennedy.

Browne and Kennedy—their names will go down in criminal history second only to those inhuman monsters Burke and Hare.

Not only did they shoot Gutteridge in his tracks, but one of them went across to where the policeman lay dying and fired into his eyes.

I have no doubt that Kennedy was responsible for this act of sickening brutality—although he tried to pin all the blame on Browne.

Kennedy, whose underworld name was "Two-Gun Pat," was just the sort of fellow to be influenced by that old superstition that the eyes of a murdered man retain a photographic impression of all that he sees last.

What was the "dead man's story" told by P.C. Gutteridge? It was plain for his detective colleagues to read.

By his body lay his open notebook, and in his right hand a pencil. On the other side of the road were the tyre-marks of a stationary car.

There could be only one deduction.

Gutteridge, on night patrol, had stopped a car because something about it had made him suspicious. He was preparing to make notes when he was shot.

It was on this assumption that detectives began their work, and in less than a day it was proved a fact.

For me the story began when my news editor handed me a news agency flash which reported that a police-constable had been found shot on the road near Stapleford Abbots.

Within a few minutes a 40-horse-power car was carrying me to the scene of the murder. The district was one I knew well, for my boyhood was spent in that corner of Essex.

The normally quiet country road between Romford and Ongar was buzzing with excitement that fine September morning.

Motor-cars, driven furiously, kept flashing by. Round every corner we came upon police cyclists carrying messages to headquarters.

Lines of men were searching hedges.

At last we pulled up. Two hundred yards away, on either side of the road, were little wooden structures.

ONE screen protected the marks of motor-car tyres, and the other the dried stains of blood which marked where Gutteridge had fallen.

Just before I arrived, a searcher had found two crumpled revolver bullets.

Big Jim Berrett, Chief Detective-Inspector from Scotland Yard, and in charge of the case, was examining one of them.

He turned to Sergeant Harris, his adjutant.

"Call all stations for news of any stolen motor-cars—particularly of cars stolen in Essex," he ordered.

He had not long to wait for a reply. A Morris car had vanished during the night from the garage of a Billericay doctor.

Billericay . . . Stapleford Abbots . . . Car thieves, seeking a quiet route back to London, might well take the road on which Gutteridge was keeping his patrol.

The "dead man's story" was coming true.

LATER, it was clinched by the discovery, in a Brixton back street, of an abandoned motor-car—the car belonging to the Billericay doctor.

In the car was a spent cartridge case of the same calibre as the revolver which killed Gutteridge.

Good progress so far. The police began to check up on all known car thieves who might be expected to use violence to escape arrest.

Even in those early stages the name of Frederick Guy Browne was being mentioned.

For days we newspaper reporters haunted Romford, Ongar and Epping. Once there was so many of us that six had to sleep on the parlour floor of an inn.

Then Jim Berrett and his sergeant raced by car to Sheffield. An old convict living in that city had information which gave the police a direct line on Browne and also on "Two-Gun" Kennedy, who had been employed by Browne and had vanished.

On his way to Sheffield Berrett had to stop for petrol. By a grim coincidence he pulled up at a filling station called "Gallows Tree Garage."

Berrett has kept the receipted bill to this day.

After the Sheffield "squeak," a drunken man babbled in a South London public-house.

When the babblings were reported to Berrett, he stroked his fine, silky beard and smiled with satisfaction.

One more line on Frederick Guy Browne, car thief, burglar and fire-raiser, with a record as long as his arm. The noose was tightening.

So on the night of January 20, 1928, a cordon of armed police surrounded Browne's garage in Clapham.

THEY were waiting for him to return from Devonshire, where he had gone to pick up one of his convict friends discharged that morning from Dartmoor.

Browne drove up to the garage in his old open Angus-Sanderson car and went into his little office. As he was making himself a cup of cocoa the police pounced on him.

It was well for the lives of several policemen that Browne was not tackled until *after* he left his car.

In it were found two fully loaded .45 service revolvers—one in the pocket of the driver's door—and a varied assortment of ammunition.

At his flat were two more revolvers and more ammunition.

Next morning I saw Browne in the dock of the South Western Police Court. His massive shoulders were hunched defiantly, his black hair tousled, and his fists clenched.

There were so many police in court that reporters had difficulty in squeezing into the Press-box.

The charge against Browne was that he had stolen a Vauxhall car, but that was only a pretext on which to hold

(Continued on page 26)

"The policeman was in the act of writing when I heard a report, followed by another one. The policeman staggered . . ."

Which Orange Is Sweet?

You can tell by the Bite Test

You cannot judge the sweetness of an orange by looking at it. You have to bite it. And, strange as it may sound, the same applies to tooth-pastes. Only by putting your tooth-paste to the Bite Test can you be certain that it's *safe*.

Grind a little of your present paste between your front teeth. If there is the least trace of grittiness, *beware!* Gritty tooth-pastes help to wear away the 1/100oth of an inch of enamel which is all that protects your teeth from decay at the gum-line. Don't take this risk. Change to the smoothest, finest tooth-paste you can buy—Odol. Dentists recommend this delicious paste because it is such a safe way to pearly teeth. Get a 6d. or 1/-, tube, of Odol to-day or send 1d. postcard for free sample to Odol (Dept. J.B.6), Norwich.

Let's see your **Odol** *Smile!*

Odol can be obtained as Tooth-paste or Solid Dentifrice. There is also Odol Mouth-wash & Odol Denture Powder.

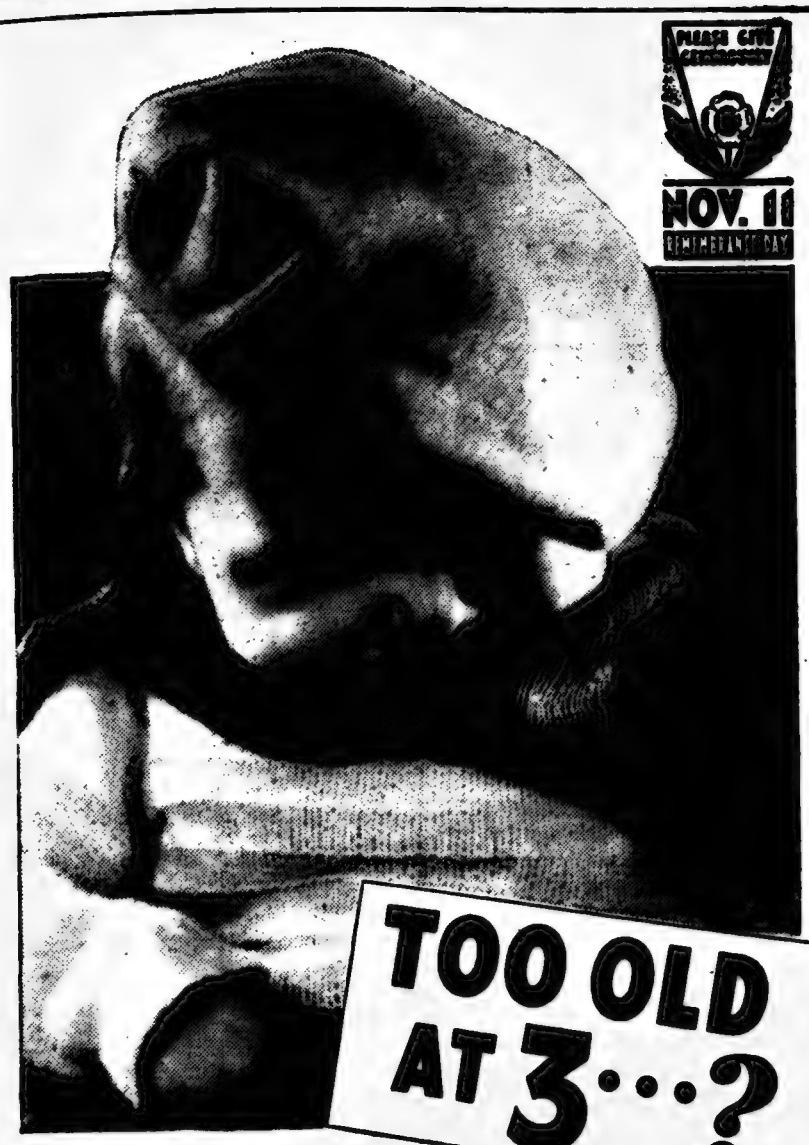
What's all this 'ere?

—Some dog scratching?

Give him

BENBOW'S DOG MIXTURE

By purifying the blood, it cures and prevents skin irritation, loss of appetite, listlessness and other doggy ailments. Try some to-day and note the immediate change in his condition. Full particulars from DEPT. J.B., 2 BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE, E.C.1.



HE would be a brave man who claimed to know what is the proper 'life' of a wireless set. 'Life' depends on three things: (1) How well the set is made, (2) How well it is treated, (3) Whether there is any big change in broadcasting conditions which would make a set obsolete. No. 1 depends on the maker, No. 2 on the owner and No. 3 on Heaven knows whom. On one hand I see sets talked of in the newspapers as 'too old at three.' On the other hand, a Murphy owner wrote to me recently to say he thought it a bit thick if he really had to replace the set he bought in 1931. I can say with certainty that the overwhelming majority of Murphy sets have much more than three years of useful life. I know you have got to take my word for that, but to some extent you can prove it for yourself, if you like to take the trouble. Look in Radio Dealers' windows and see how rare Murphy second-hand sets are, and if you do find any, see what good prices they fetch. The fact is that people like to keep their Murphy sets as long as they can, and when they do decide to get a new one, there is always someone else who is very glad to buy it second-hand.

In short, because of our methods of manufacture—*Every Murphy set has a high expectation of life.*

E. J. POWER,
Managing Director

Other Murphy models from £9 . 10 to £85. All Murphy sets, exclusive of valves and batteries, guaranteed for a year. Prices do not apply in Eire. Murphy Radio Ltd., Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

£7.
Without Batteries

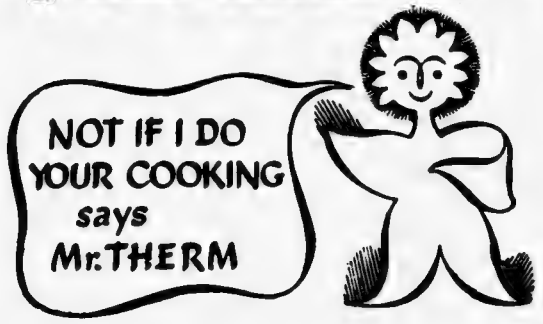
HIRE PURCHASE TERMS ON ALL MURPHY SETS

R.45 BATTERY TABLE MODEL. A very sensitive straight 3-valve receiver in which a special circuit called "Constant Reaction" eliminates most of the need for "fiddling" with the reaction control and makes tuning simpler. Automatic Grid Bias extends the life of the H.T. Battery, and any standard H.T. Battery can be used. The cabinet is in Black Walnut.

EVERY MURPHY SET
HAS A HIGH EXPECTATION OF LIFE

C.E.C. 940

Are you anchored to your Cooker?



Are you anchored to a cooker—trying to keep the temperature right by fussily switching from one fixed heat level to another—while the best hours of the day flow swiftly past? Theres no need. Mr. Therm and his flexible flame can, ***and will,*** end all that! And he will do it best on the wonderful ***new*** 'New World' Radiation Cooker—with its exclusive and world-famous 'Regulo' automatic oven heat control ***plus*** the most amazing range of hotplate cooking temperatures (from gentle simmering to rapid boiling) imaginable.

Up Anchor! Be off to enjoy yourself! Mr. Therm and the 'New World' will look after the cooking for you.

1. **POWER BURNERS** to give more concentrated heat. Super-fast one, boils 1-pint kettle in 125 seconds. **Self-lighting hotplate burner with Radiation patent non-lighting back feature.**
2. **STAY-CLEAN HOTPLATE** spotless with a wipe. Non-spill support for the smallest pans.
3. **SINGLE OVEN BURNER** at back lighted from the front. Porcelain enamelled oven to come clean at a wipe.
4. **TABLE TOP**—finish cooking, shut the lid, and there you are, all enclosed, streamlined, and dust-proof with an extra table for dishing up!
5. **SUPER GRILL** at toasting heat in 60 seconds from cold. Large effective working area for uniform toasting and grilling.
6. **THE 'REGULO'** first introduced in 1923 by Radiation Ltd., is fitted on Radiation cookers only. See the number in the triangle—the distinctive sign of the 'Regulo'

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NEW WORLD
45/48 GAS COOKERS
with exclusive "REGULO" Control
Cook by Gas and set your hands free

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Please send your free Recipe Book (½d. stamp only if envelope is unsealed).

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

SEE THEM AT YOUR GAS SHOWROOMS

35/- A WEEK TO FEED A FAMILY OF SEVEN

Supper at the McGuires' is often simply bread and butter and cheese — but Rowntree's Cocoa turns even the simplest supper into a really delicious, satisfying spread.

"If we are to get enough nourishment we must be able to digest *what we eat,"*

says Mrs. McGuire, of Leicester

SHE HAS FOUND THAT ROWNTREE'S COCOA HELPS PEOPLE TO DIGEST THEIR FOOD QUICKER AND MORE EASILY

"35/- a week sounds a good deal to spend just on food," says Mrs. McGuire, of Leicester. "But with seven to feed (counting baby), I have to see that every sixpence I spend buys a real sixpennyworth of nourishment.

"That is why I've always been so grateful to the friend who first gave me a useful tip about Rowntree's Cocoa. She told me she had learnt, from feeding her own family, that Rowntree's Cocoa actually helps people to digest all the food they eat with it.

"Ever since I started my family on Rowntree's Cocoa, they've all got far more good from their meals. When people say how healthy my girls look, I think Rowntree's Cocoa should be given some of the credit."

* * *

Rowntree's Cocoa is made by a special "pre-digestive" process, so that it actually helps people to digest their other food. Meals digested easily give *more nourishment* — help children to put on *extra* bone, muscle and tissue.

A RECENT TYPICAL DAY'S MEALS IN THE McGUIRE HOME

Breakfast	Oats and Milk, Fried Bread, Rowntree's Cocoa.
Dinner	Irish Stew, Milky Rice Pudding.
Tea	Bread and Butter, Jam.
Supper	Bread and Butter, Cheese (for parents only), Rowntree's Cocoa.

DO YOU KNOW THIS MEDICAL FACT?

If you have a drink with your supper, it's worth remembering this important medical fact. You can't get a good night's rest unless your supper digests easily. Switch to Rowntree's Cocoa — it is *pre-digested*. Rowntree's helps you to digest your supper better, prevents digestive troubles from disturbing your night.

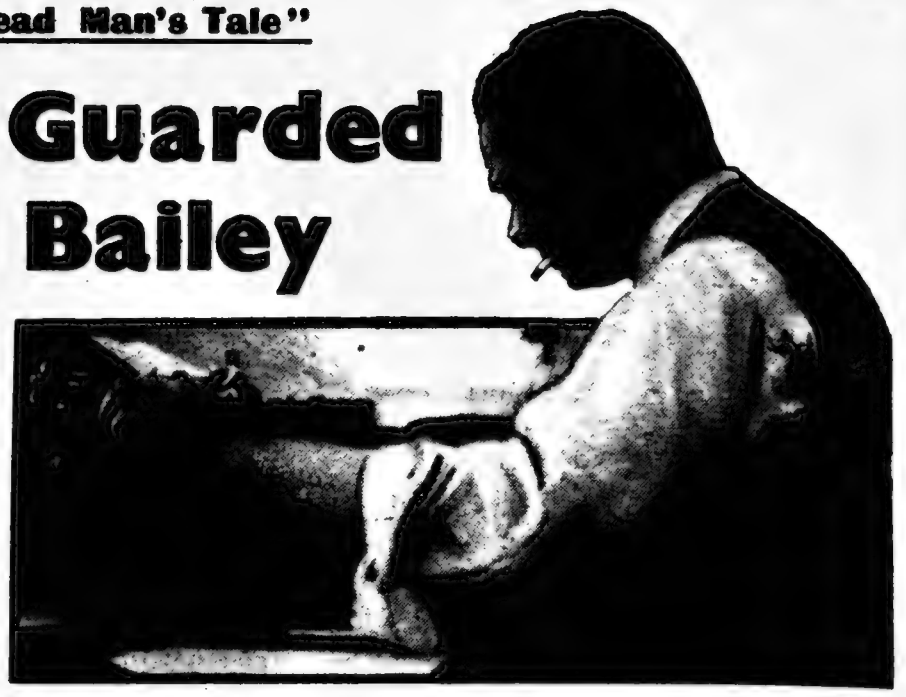
* * *

FREE GIFTS!

Hundreds of valuable free gifts are offered in exchange for Rowntree's Cocoa coupons. Free Gift Coupons in every tin. Send postcard (postage 1d.) to Dept. CE73, Rowntree & Co. Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, for Free Gift Booklet, containing Free Voucher, value three coupons.

Continuing: "Dead Man's Tale"

Gunmen Guarded in Old Bailey



Stanley Bishop says: "I shall never cease to wonder how two such vastly different criminals could share that one quality which many honest men would envy"

him. Nothing was said about the murder of Gutteridge.

Now the police had to find Kennedy. They learned that, after leaving Browne's employment, he had headed north.

Step by step he was traced to Liverpool through his description as "the Irishman with the mandolin."

When he was arrested, he whipped out an automatic and aimed point-blank at a detective-sergeant.

With a curse, he pressed the trigger. Nothing happened. Kennedy had forgotten to remove the safety-catch!

A day or so later I was again pushing my way through the crowded South Western Police Court to see Browne and Kennedy in the dock together—accused of the murder of Police-Constable Gutteridge.

They were surrounded by policemen, for by that time Browne knew that Kennedy had confessed to what had happened on the lonely Essex road where Gutteridge had been shot down.

Browne was known to be "human dynamite," and it was expected that he would try to attack the squealer.

The court had the atmosphere of a boxing stadium when two sworn enemies step into the ring.

But, for him, Browne behaved well.

All he did was to turn round on entering the dock and curse between his sharp teeth at the detectives behind.

KENNEDY'S statement was a terrible document. It told how the two gunmen had stolen the doctor's car in Billericay, and had chosen the Ongar-Romford road as the quietest way back to London.

Suddenly they were signalled to stop by someone flashing a light from the roadside.

Browne pulled up quite willingly.

"When the person came up," Kennedy's statement continued, "we saw it was a policeman.

"He came up close to the car and asked Browne where he was going and where he had come from.

"Brown stammered and hesitated in his replies. And the policeman, not being satisfied, said, 'Very well, I will take particulars.'

"He put his torch back in his pocket and pulled out his notebook, and was in the act of writing when I heard a report, quickly followed by another one.

"I saw the policeman stagger back and fall over by the bank at the hedge. I said to Browne, 'What have you done?' and then I saw he had a large Webley revolver in his hand. He said, 'Get out quick!'

"Immediately I got out and went to the policeman, who was lying on his back. Browne came over and said, 'I'll finish the ——,' and I said, 'For God's sake, don't shoot any more, the man's dying.'

"The policeman's eyes were open, and Browne, addressing him, said, 'What are you looking at me for?' and, stooping down, shot him at close range through both eyes.

"There were only four shots fired. Browne then said, 'Let's get back into the car.'

"HE gave me the revolver and told me to hold it while he drove on. I loaded it, and in my excitement dropped an empty shell in the car. The other three I threw away into the roads."

When the Old Bailey trial opened before Mr. Justice Avory we again had the spectacle of the prisoners separated and surrounded by guards.

Every moment jury, spectators and Pressmen feared that Browne and Kennedy would fly at each other and fight to the death.

Enlarged photographs of markings on the bullets which had killed Gutteridge, and which tallied with markings on the breach shield of Browne's revolver were the main evidence against the gunmen.

So they could check this evidence for themselves a microscope was handed round among members of the jury.

It was silent testimony—but how damning!

Browne was the chief witness in his own defence and was rebellious from the start.

He refused to take the proper oath, until compelled to do so by being ordered to leave the witness-box and return to the dock.

Time and again he was warned about his interruptions and rudeness to counsel. He shrugged his shoulders to show he did not care for court, judge or jury and meant to do as he liked.

Most of his evidence was a denial that he had been anywhere near the scene of the murder, plus incredible stories of how he came by his miniature arsenal and instruments from the doctor's car which had been found at his home.

Kennedy did not go into the witness-box.

He wanted to, but he dared not.

He knew that every detail of his black past and many convictions would have been revealed.

In his summing-up Mr. Justice Avory put four main questions to the jury:

WAS the murder committed by the person or persons who stole the doctor's car from Billericay?

Were the two prisoners in the car at the time the murder was committed?

If so, which of them shot P.C. Gutteridge? If only one of them did so, were they acting together with a common purpose to prevent detention or arrest?

Not hard to forecast, after the judge's charge, how the members of the jury would answer those questions.

Yet the jury was absent in its locked room for two hours and eighteen minutes before it gave its decision that Browne and Kennedy must share the guilt for the murder of Guttridge.

When the verdict was announced, the pretty young woman who was Kennedy's wife of a few months collapsed.

Mrs. Browne was told of her husband's fate in a waiting-room, and received the news with the courage of despair.

Both prisoners made remarkable speeches before sentence of death was passed on them.

Browne's manner changed. He realised at that moment that all his defiance had been useless. He became dignified. His words were calm and considered: "The court, as you say, has found me guilty of wilful murder. I cannot alter the court. I would not desire to. I admit here and now that counsel have acted very nicely and very fairly, as far as I am concerned.

"I would not wish to be tried by a better judge, but the jury have had stuff given them which is not genuine. I am not guilty, but the court says I am. I am quite content; my conscience is clear."

Kennedy was more emotional.

"It was preordained," he said. "It was Fate, and you, my lord—however fairly you have tried me—and members of the jury are mere accessories of that Fate.

"In no spirit of bravado, I say I am not afraid to die. I shall meet death willingly, because I have the certain knowledge that in the hereafter I shall be united to the one darling girl who has stuck to me through all this trouble."

EVERYONE in court was amazed.

In the most terrible moment of all these two merciless killers had acted in a better fashion than at any other time in their lives.

They went to their death on a morning in May ten years ago with the same courage.

I shall never cease to wonder how two such vastly different criminals could share that one quality which many honest men would envy.

Browne was the stranger of the two. Although a desperate enemy of society, he set himself a rigid personal code.

He was a devoted husband and father, he never touched liquor, and never gambled. From common vices he was immune.

Kennedy was drunken and dissolute, a low-down fellow prone to flagrant obscenities. He earned his nick-name of "Two-Gun Pat" when he fought as a Sinn Feiner in Ireland.

As I said at the beginning of this article, I shall always believe that it was Kennedy and not Browne who fired into the eyes of the dying policeman.

TREAT YOURSELF

How long is it since you drank a Port Wine of really exceptional quality? Buy yourself

SANDEMAN PARTNERS

9/-

per bottle

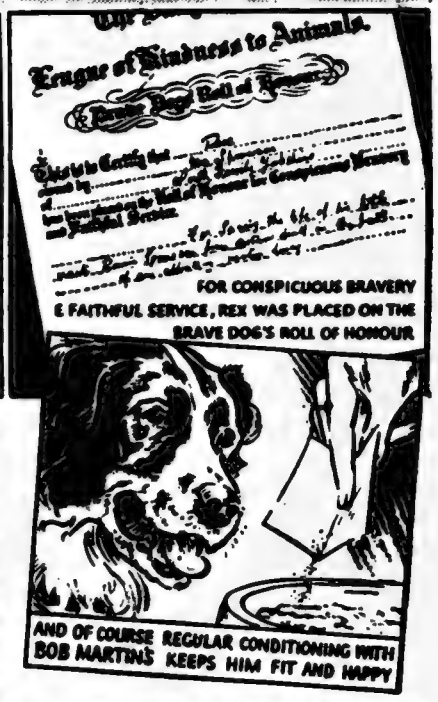
and worth it. Other prices from 5/- to 12/- per bottle.

SANDEMAN

PORT

'Plus' dog saves boy's life!

Mrs. Sprowson of North Ferriby, East Yorks, is the owner of the collie Rex. He saved the life of her little grandson aged 3 by dragging him out at the last minute from the path of a heavy lorry.


League of Kindness to Animals.
FOR CONSPICUOUS BRAVERY & FAITHFUL SERVICE, REX WAS PLACED ON THE BRAVE DOG'S ROLL OF HONOUR
AND OF COURSE REGULAR CONDITIONING WITH BOB MARTIN'S KEEPS HIM FIT AND HAPPY

REX LOOKS AFTER HIS LITTLE MASTER like an elder brother. Plays with him, guards him, sleeps at his bedside and one day, as you see above, actually saved his life.

"Rex is a fine brave dog," said Mrs. Sprowson proudly "and although he's getting old he's never sulky or listless. I rely on Bob Martin's to keep him in perfect health. It's quite true what Bob Martin's say in their advertisements. Regular conditioning is the way to keep dogs fit and happy. Look at Rex!"

MAKE YOUR DOG A 'PLUS' DOG TOO

When rainy days keep him indoors your dog relies on you to keep him fit by regular conditioning with Bob Martin's Condition Powders.

These economical little powders make 'plus' dogs by purifying the blood. Start to-day—it's easy, economical and worth it. One Bob Martin's once a day will make him a fitter, friendlier, happier companion with a warm winter coat and a where's-my-dinner look in his eye when dinner time comes! He'll thank you for his Bob Martin's!

WHY PURE BLOOD IS IMPORTANT IN WINTER

A dog's health in winter time depends on the purity of his blood and on the proper functioning of liver, kidneys and stomach. The purpose of condition powders is to help these organs to do their work by purifying the bloodstream. Winter feeding with greasier food and lack of exercise overcharge the blood with waste products, thereby putting an added strain on the internal organs, which can only function properly if they themselves are kept healthy by a pure blood supply! Regular conditioning with Bob Martin's is the only way of ensuring a pure bloodstream which is reflected in a dog's coat, health, appetite, energy and spirits.
From all chemists and dog-food shops, 6d. & 1/-

Bob Martin's

is the rule to-day to keep dogs fit the 'plus' dog way

"What do you find best for Catarrh of the Digestive Organs?"

ANGIERS is the answer

'Angiers' exercises soothing, lubricating, anti-fermentative effects throughout the entire digestive tract. That is why it is so valuable in affections of the stomach and intestines.

It soothes and cleanses the mucous membrane, allays irritation, fermentation, catarrh, ulceration. It restores tone to all the digestive functions, and it promotes normal healthy action of the bowels. Moreover, the addition of the hypophosphites makes 'Angiers' a valuable nerve tonic, hence its efficacy in the nervous troubles associated with mucous colitis and other intestinal disorders.

Angiers brand Emulsion is invaluable in the treatment of gastric and intestinal catarrh or ulceration, chronic indigestion, nervous dyspepsia, chronic constipation, and generally in all catarrhal, fermentative, ulcerative or tubercular affections of the stomach and intestines. 'Angiers' is the most palatable of all emulsions, and agrees perfectly with delicate, sensitive stomachs.

Of all Chemists 1/3, 3/- and 5/-.

Send the coupon below for FREE SAMPLE BOTTLE

The Angier Chemical Co., Ltd. (Dept. E.29), 86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

Please send Trial Sample of Angiers brand Emulsion. I enclose 4d. in stamps to cover cost of postage.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

THE GATEWAY TO GAY GARDENS

Get November "GARDENING," and prepare now to make your garden a riot of colour in 1939. "GARDENING" is rich in practical hints on getting the ground ready, choosing the best plants, prolonging the pageant.

"GARDENING" 100 PAGES FOR SIXPENCE

DIPLOMA The ENGLISH Crustless CHEESE

£35 for LIMERICKS

A sporting old fellow named Joe
Thought Ludo and Draughts much too slow:
But at Darts he would play
Any hour of the day

FIRST	£15
SECOND	£5
THIRD	£3
FOURTH	£2
TEN PRIZES each	£1

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £15 and other prizes, as stated, for what they consider the best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on paper and attach the coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire or Dunlop). Send as many attempts as you like, which may all be on one sheet, but for each must be attached a label. The Lines will come before a competent staff of adjudicators. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to:

Competition (Dept. 12), WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD., TROWBRIDGE, WILTS.

Closing Date: Entries must reach us not later than Friday, Nov. 11, 1938. A List of Winners will be sent to every competitor.

SOME RHYMES:

ago, beau, below, blow, crow, flow, foe, fro, glow, aglow, go, grow, outgrow, hoe, know, low, no, oh, owe, rainbow, roe, show, so, stow, throw, overthrow, toe, trow, woe.

'DIPLOMA' Cheddar or Cheshire 6d. and 1/- per box. D.415a

CHANGE for a POUND

Short Story by PICTON JAMES

Scruffy turned to see a figure in pale blue and gold who might have been a generalissimo in the forces in some Ruritanian kingdom

IT is said that clothes don't make the man, but Scruffy was a living illustration of the fact that they go a long way towards doing so.

The incredible rags that covered, or partly covered him, were a sort of visible biography of the man.

They afforded little protection against the chill of this early winter day.

Scruffy shivered in the gutter. A dog with a thick coat and shaggy tail sniffed at his canvas shoes and backed away.

But Scruffy didn't notice the dog. His eyes were on the glass and gilt door of the American Bar, waiting for the owner of the daffodil-coloured limousine.

Scruffy was earning a copper.

The door opened, and a military figure in a smart check suit appeared. Scruffy stepped forward briskly.

He swung back the door of the car, at the same time touching the ancient yachting cap which rested on his tousled hair.

"Thank you," the man nodded, and a hand went to his pocket.

'Winter's on us again, sir," Scruffy observed.

The hand emerged empty. "Ah, I forgot, I gave away the last of my change. That's awkward, isn't it?"

The smile was friendly, but Scruffy did not smile back.

Impulsively, the man took out his wallet, and selecting a note from a thick wad, handed it to the gutter waif.

"Take this, you'll find some use for it. Don't thank me——"

Scruffy wasn't about to thank him; he was speechless.—"I've had a good morning. Business on the up."

The man and the car disappeared, but Scruffy hardly noticed their going.

★

He hadn't felt a pound note between his fingers for many a year. There was something not altogether comforting about the feel.

He was elated, in a strange new way, and a little alarmed, too.

"Strike me," he whispered, "a whole bloomin quid. It's a fortune."

The slip of printed paper, carrying the almost mythical name of the Bank of England, opened up vistas of unbelievable luxury

In the foreground of Scruffy's vision was Eddie Richman's Celebrated Dining Rooms, and he remembered he was hungry.

With the note in his left trouser pocket—the only pocket with lining intact—he moved off in the direction of Eddie Richman's Celebrated Dining Rooms.

It was the dinner hour when he arrived and Eddie Richman was doing a brisk trade.

He found space in one of the wooden pews. Some council workmen, smelling of drains and tar, edged away as he sat down.

★

"Wotcher got?" he demanded, looking up at a big, red-faced individual in shirt sleeves and a clean apron, who was Eddie Richman in person.

"Coffee," came the reply, but without enthusiasm.

"Eats," growled Scruffy.

"Can't you read?" Eddie Richman indicated a rectangular card upon which, in careful handwriting, was listed the day's fare

"Sausage an' mash," announced Scruffy, having read, "an' some hot treacle roll. Oh, an' a large coffee. I'll have the coffee while I'm waiting."

"Where's your money?" asked the red-faced proprietor, with undisguised distrust.

"Here!" Scruffy, with an air of unconcern, fished the note from his left trouser pocket. "I suppose you've got change for a pound?"

"A pound? No mate, I haven't!" Eddie Richman's suspicions were now clarified and given a name: theft. "You give me the right money."

"That's all I've got on me."

"Only nound notes, eh? Well, you'd better dine at the Ritz, that's what you'd better do. And now," concluded Eddie Richman, in a tone which brooked no further arguing, "scram. D'you hear? Get out!"

This unhappy experience brought to Scruffy a sense of foreboding.

He retraced his steps to the more affluent quarter of the town, puzzling as he went how the splitting of the note was to be effected.

★

He decided that he must buy something. Tobacco. Some good dark shag and a packet of papers.

The first tobacconist's he found was an attractive shop with two bay windows and a centre door. He went in. A bit posh, Scruffy thought, but he might be lucky.

"I'm afraid," said the assistant, when he heard Scruffy's requirements, "that we have no shag in stock. We get little call for it."

"It's not everybody's taste," agreed Scruffy. "I smoke it fer me asthma. P'raps I'd better take some curly cut . . ."

"You will find a tobacconist two streets down," said the assistant, with polished politeness, "where they are sure to have what you want. It's a tobacconist and newsagent business. You can't miss it.

"Good afternoon, sir," he cooed, addressing another, and very different, customer who had just entered.

"The usual Turkish Number Two? A hundred? Certainly, sir. The cold weather seems to have come to stay, sir. . ."

Scruffy proceeded up the broad thoroughfare with steps that dragged a little.

The sole of one of his canvas shoes, half-torn from the upper, flapped drearily on the paving stones.

A clock in a jeweller's window reminded him that the pubs were closed. Curse it, he ought to have thought of the pubs right at the beginning.

He wandered aimlessly, while the feeling of apprehension which had overcome him upon being given the pound note grew more acute.

Hope lifted anew in him, however, as he stopped outside a news theatre.

He could change the pound note and spend an hour in the warm. He really wanted to eat first, but he'd have to use the ticket.

He was running his eye down a contents bill in the entrance when a voice boomed from behind:

"Now, don't hang about, move on!"

Scruffy turned to see a figure in pale blue and gold who might have been generalissimo of the forces in some Ruritanian kingdom.

"I'm goin' in," said Scruffy.

"None of your lip," said the generalissimo, motioning with a cream gloved hand.

"Move on, or I'll call a copper. Causing an obstruction, that's what you're doing."

The end of the afternoon found

(Continued on page 30)

YOURS FOR LESS THAN

5d A DAY!

THE PORTABLE WITH A PEDIGREE

You can now have a brand new Remington Home Portable—the world's most popular portable—for less than 5d. a day. For 10/- down and 20 monthly payments of 10/- you can have this perfect writing machine—which has every essential feature of the big office typewriters—standard 4-bank keyboard, back-spacer, etc. Yet weighs only 11 lb., size 12½ in. x 12in. x 5in. complete with carrying case. Full year's guarantee. Send coupon TO-DAY for full details.

REMINGTON

HOME PORTABLE ONLY

Assembled in Great Britain by British labour. £9.9.0 Cash or 10/- down and 20 monthly payments of 10/-.

£9.9.0

"More Remingtons built and sold in 1931 than any other make."

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER Co. Ltd.

100, Gracechurch Street, London, E.C.3. ('Phone: Mansion House 3333)

Please tell me how I can get a Remington Home Portable, complete with case, for less than 5d. a day.

Name .....

Address .....

CC569

SWEETENS CHILD'S SOUR STOMACH IN FIVE MINUTES

Mother! You'll be positively amazed how quickly a little 'Milk of Magnesia' sweetens a stomach made sour and sick by too much rich food. 'Milk of Magnesia' overcomes the sour acidity the moment it reaches the stomach. That sick, ill feeling quickly passes away and in no time the little one is as lively as a cricket. Then 'Milk of Magnesia' moves the bowels and relieves the system of the offending bile and undigested food which have made the child ill. At the first sign of sickness just give 'Milk of Magnesia' and nip the attack in the bud. Get 'Milk of Magnesia' to-day and have it handy. 1/3 and 2/6 (treble quantity). Also 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets, 6d., 1/-, 2/- and 3/6. All chemists. Be quite sure it is 'Milk of Magnesia.'

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

Stop Baby's Night Cough

Relief comes fast when you rub Vick brand Vapour-Rub on throat, chest, and back. It acts through the skin like a poultice, and, at the same time, releases medicated vapours that the child breathes in direct to the irritated air-passages. This direct double action soothes irritation, loosens phlegm, relieves the coughing, so that the child quickly falls asleep in comfort. An application of this famous cold-remedy at bed-time usually prevents night attacks of coughing.

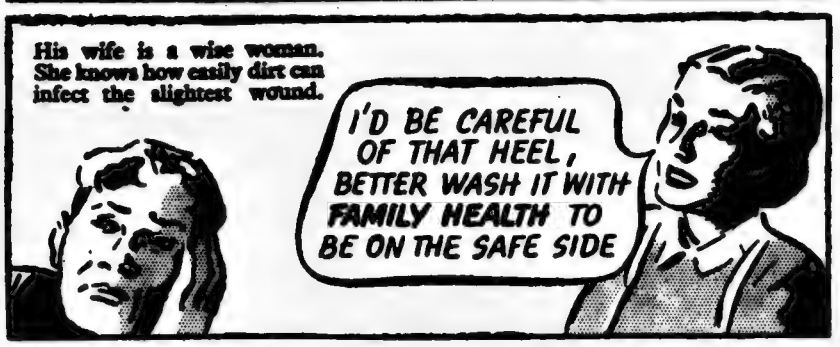
Just rub on VICK VAPOUR-RUB

FAMILY STORIES

Harry the Postman

Out on his feet all day, a postman can't avoid blisters now and then.

Harry enjoys a good rest, but the blister he got on his foot has broken.



His wife is a wise woman. She knows how easily dirt can infect the slightest wound.

YES I WASHED IT WITH FAMILY HEALTH. IT'S NOT LIKELY TO GIVE ANY MORE TROUBLE
YOU LOOK CHEERFUL THIS MORNING — IS YOUR FOOT BETTER ?

Harry is soon back at work as fit as ever. Timely use of Family Health has seen to that.

You can't prevent scratches, but you can prevent them becoming dirt-infected. Scrupulous cleanliness is your protection. Wash regularly with Family Health and be sure you are safeguarded.

3½ PER TABLET
6½ PER TWO-TABLET CARTON

KNIGHT'S FAMILY HEALTH SOAP

KH 31A-364 JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED. Soap Makers since 1810

'YOU FEEL BETTER IN ONE MINUTE— after Wincarnis'

Read how nervy, worried, weak women and men regain youth and JOYOUS HEALTH, become Attractive again, this amazing 'NO-WAITING' way!

LADIES! 'The sooner you FEEL better, the sooner you get better'—say doctors

YOUR body eats blood! Without strong blood to feed it your body would soon become very ill. And Wincarnis strengthens your blood *the same minute* that you drink a glassful. No long weary weeks of hopeless waiting to feel well! You feel better AT ONCE—and that's half the battle as any doctor knows.

20,000 RECOMMENDATIONS FROM MEDICAL MEN. Why has Wincarnis, the 'NO-WAITING' TONIC, over 20,000 recommendations from Medical Men? Because doctors know that it steadily rebuilds your body-cells—does not lower you, like pain-killing drugs, they know that Wincarnis pumps 2 kinds of Vitamins essential to life into your blood; that its rich extracts actually become MORE EFFECTIVE because they are blended in Wine! Get Wincarnis—and get better NOW!

NOW! NO-WAITING REMEDY FOR NERVES, WEAKNESS, PAIN, POOR BLOOD.

Read this —'I used to worry terribly . . . my nerves were in pieces and I got the most terrible pains. I tried different tonics till my home was like a chemist's shop. Then one day a nurse told me to try Wincarnis. I felt better at once! My strength and spirits all came back; and in a month's time I was a happy woman again.'

These words are typical of THOUSANDS of letters received by Wincarnis.

WOMEN OVER 30 need romance too!

SAY PSYCHOLOGISTS

The latest researches by Psychologists into the emotional life of women over 30 show that 4 out of 5 are starved of Romance. Nothing kills Romance like Nerves, Worrying, Faded Looks and Lost Vitality. Have you taken the easy path and let the worries of everyday life come between you and happiness? Here is a quick way you can regain Electric Vitality, Good Looks, High Spirits and Charm! Go at *once* to your nearest Wine and Spirit Merchant, licensed grocer or licensed chemist, and bring home a bottle of Wincarnis. Within one minute your high spirits start flowing back! In a remarkably short time you will become Healthy, Happy and admired again!

FREE ADVICE WORTH £5 . 5 . 0 ROOT OUT all the Hidden Fears that kill Health and Happiness in your life! Advice worth £5 5s. 0d. Amazing booklet written by a famous consulting Psychologist FREE to every woman over 30 'The 8 Fears' —the fears MOST PEOPLE suffer from, and how *you* can conquer all yours, live happily again! Remarkable 'Fear-Chart' with every booklet, sent post free by return. Send a postcard now, to Wincarnis, Dept. A1. Norwich.

'Back to her happy self again'

thanks to HALL'S WINE ★

★ "My wife has been completely run down and no medicine seemed to help her at all. On Monday I bought a bottle of HALL'S WINE; Tuesday she felt much better; now, Friday, she is back to her happy self again."
Extract from one of thousands of unsolicited letters—all open to inspection.

HOW ARE YOU TO-DAY?

Run down? Despairing? Here's heart-warming news! Hall's Wine does you good in 30 seconds, acting directly through your blood-stream. Think of it! Every vein charged with newly enriched blood. Your digestion, your circulation, your nerves, your breathing — all your vital forces thoroughly revitalised, thoroughly rejuvenated. You not only feel better at once, you are "built up" with lasting strength. Buy a bottle of Hall's Wine to-day.

From Wine Merchants and Grocers and Chemists with wine licences. Large bottle 5/6, smaller size 3/3. Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., Bow, London, E.3.

Get well *quickly* on

HALL'S WINE

HALL'S WINE rejuvenates your vital forces, strengthens your nerves, revitalises your system.

(95)

KEEP FIT . . . RULE No. 1
Good wholesome home-made food

Try this good wholesome savoury dish—

POTATO PASTIES

6 oz. butter. 2 teaspoons BORWICK'S.
1 lb. flour. ½ lb. to ¾ lb. cooked potatoes.
Cooked meat. Tomato sauce.

Rub butter into flour. Add baking powder, stir in the sieved potatoes. Mix a stiff dough with cold water. Roll out and cut into ovals. Lay the seasoned meat, moistened with tomato sauce, on one half, then flap the top half over. Pinch together, prick with fork. Bake a light brown.

BORWICK'S
BAKING POWDER
The Best in the World

Old Country Linen

LIXEN

Not From the B.B.C.

The Likes of Sikes

"DON'T foller in yer father's footsteps,
Don't imitate yer dear ole dad!"
William Sikes, now bald and old,
In his cellar, mean and cold,
Advised his son, a bright, ambitious lad.

"As man an' boy, wiv jemmy an' wiv blowpipe,
These forty years in cracking cribs I've spent,
When I wasn't doin' time,
An' wiv all me skill in crime,
I've netted more than ten per cent.!

Sorry, but in conformity with B.B.C. tradition we have faded out Mr. Sikes' song-and-dance in favour of an uplifting talk designed to convince incipient wrongdoers that Crime Doesn't Pay.

This was made plain by Mr. Justice Wrottesley, at Worcester Assizes, when he stated: "If all I hear is true, burglary is the most miserably underpaid profession you can adopt."

Too often this truth is discovered too late. For even the most industrious burglar is lucky if he can make a profit of 10 per cent. on the swag.

No self-respecting "fence" will buy stolen goods at more than 30 per cent. of their value, and from this meagre return the master cracksman has to pay his staff of scouts, watchers and other skilled assistants.

Small wonder that burglary has become one of the depressed industries, and Bond Street and Hatton Garden "black" areas!

Indeed, unless something can be done toward reducing overheads or, even more important, sitting on the "fence," novelists, film scenarists and representatives of allied trades, who in the past have done well out of W. Sikes, may yet have to subsidise selected tough guys to provide the raw material of fiction.

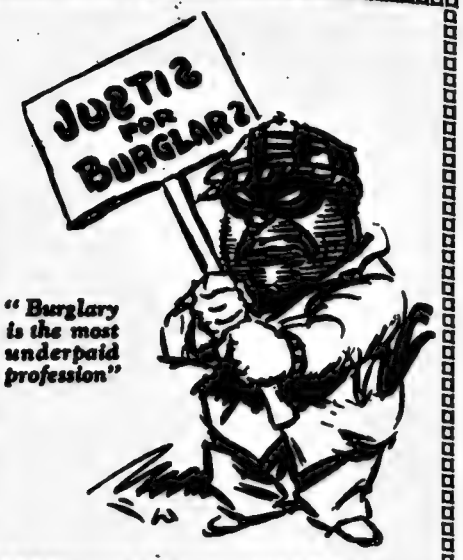
Led astray by the fact that the brightest intellects of the Hendon police *alma mater* are mostly employed in clocking motorists and tracking down lawbreakers who sell sandwiches in forbidden hours, some people imagine that burglary must be both easy and profitable.

Believe me, there was never a bigger mistake. Speaking as a father, I can only say that rather than allow a son of mine to become a burglar, I would not hesitate to apprentice him to a crooner.

This, perhaps, may sound callous; but, as Mr. Sikes was singing when he was faded out:

"Don't foller in yer father's footsteps,
Don't be a juggins like yer pore ole pot!
Jest you use yer common-sense—
Learn the business of a fence,
An' one day you may own a bloomin' yacht!

Y. Z.



"Burglary is the most underpaid profession"

Change for a Pound

(Continued from page 28)

Scruffy with the one pound note intact in his pocket.

He was disheartened and, in his anger, near to tears. The ancient yachting cap seemed to have taken a less sporting angle.

Spotting a stationary taxicab, he tried a last chance.

"Could you change me a pound note, chum?" he asked the driver. His voice was small and whining.

"Could I change you a pound note?" repeated the taximan, and then he saw the note in Scruffy's outstretched hand. "Look here, stranger, I don't know what new confidence trick you're playing, but don't play it on an old soldier. And if you want my advice, chuck up that game and do an honest job of work."

★ Any further advice he had to offer was cut short by a summons from the hotel opposite.

He thrust in his gear and the cab swung away, leaving Scruffy alone on the kerb.

At the hour when the public-houses opened their doors, Scruffy was standing outside the Golden Goose Brasserie.

It had occurred to him that the pubs offered yet one more chance to change the pound note. But something happened to divert him from his purpose.

Standing against the kerb was the daffodil-coloured limousine, and inside the Brasserie must be the military gentleman in the check suit.

Here was the solution to his trouble. He would ask the donor to change the note for him. For he was the one person who knew that Scruffy came by the money honestly.

He did not wait for the man to appear, but pushed open the door of the Golden Goose Brasserie and walked resolutely in.

He located the mititary gentleman without difficulty. Indeed, it would have been impossible for Scruffy to miss him, for he was the centre of a small group of excited people.

There was some altercation going on. A thin, dark man in the attire of a head waiter was gesticulating in a foreign manner.

Upon each side of the military gentleman stood blue-overcoated figures which Scruffy's experienced eye at once recognised as plain-clothes officers of the law.

"It is ze note which he gave me, I am most positive," the head waiter was protesting.

"This is ridiculous," said the military gentleman.

Scruffy heard the word "counterfeit."

Relief and anger at this revelation were overlaid by a conviction in Scruffy's breast that he had a duty to perform.

He sprang forward, flourishing the pound note in the faces of the little group of men.

"Here's another," he shouted, a little hysterically. "He's giving 'em away! He gave me this fer looking after his car. A whole quid! Give it me this morning, he did. Here, look, mister, see if I ain't right!"

One of the plain-clothes men took the pound from Scruffy and scrutinised it closely.

★ "The same serial number," he pronounced. "We'll want you as a witness."

At the police court next morning the man in the check suit was committed for trial. Scruffy gave evidence.

"You have shown a fine public spirit coming forward to help the police," said the magistrate, addressing Scruffy.

"As I do not want you to suffer any loss through your action, I mean to give you a pound from the poor box."

He leant forward and whispered to the clerk. Scruffy, facing a dilemma, thought rapidly.

"I am very grateful to Yer Worship," he said, with fine dignity. "But I feels that in these hard days we are all in need. . . . So perhaps you would keep half-a-crown of it for the Police Orphanage."

"Certainly," murmured the magistrate, a little taken aback.

"—and give me the change in silver," finished Scruffy.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Hints to Jockeys

ONE of the rules laid down by the Stewards of the Jockey Club is that jockeys must not bet. If they do, *and if they are caught*, their licence would be at once withdrawn.

Nor must a jockey receive a present in connection with races from persons other than owners of the horses they ride in such races.

So far as the acceptance of presents is concerned, I can't see why I should be wrong if, after I had had a nice win, I sent the winning jockey a diamond scarf pin. And I should have the shock of my life if some jockeys I know returned the bauble to me with a nasty note accusing me of being a corrupt person!

Bribery is a very different matter. If a man offers, and a rider accepts, a reward for *not* winning a race, I fully agree that they should be warned off Newmarket Heath.

We may apply the same principle to betting by jockeys. I do not think it is a bad thing for a jockey to back his own mount, but it might be little short of thieving if he backed another horse in the race.

It wouldn't worry me, nor, I imagine, anyone else connected with the sport, to know that every jockey riding in a particular race had a "tenner" on his own mount. In fact, it might make for still brighter racing!

The Cesarewitch winner was backed to win £36,000 at the last two call-overs at the Victoria Club. Quite a lot of money has been taken out of England as a result of Contrevent's success and that of Helleniqua in the Cambridgeshire.

I trust that you all had some silver on Contrevent, which was a good winner for the Code at 100 to 7.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The Code covers racing from Thursday, November 3, to Wednesday, November 9.

B A K X U Z R 98 N 96 G E D V H J
I 95 S O Y 97 L W T F 94 M P Q C 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: IXKRMU would read BOSLEY. Where a double letter occurs in the name the figure 2 is substituted. KXT295 would read SONNA.

£10 FOR A SINGLE LINE

ZUBES COMPETITION No. 4

Nine doctors of wide reputation
Once said to a hoarse-sounding nation
"When attacked by a sneeze,
Or a bark or a wheeze—
The Zube habit's worth cultivation."

A toast-master toasting at dinner
Said "My voice seems to be a lot thinner
Since I gave that loud sneeze
Gentlemen, will you please
....."

Nine wise Doctors recommend Zubes

They are: DOCTORS SQUILLS, ANISEED, HOREHOUND, COLTSFOOT, LIQUORICE, HONEY, CAPSICUM, BALSAM, MENTHOL.

A bookie at Newmarket races
Was shouting the odds when some traces
Of hoarseness attacked him
And served to distract him
....."

A cabman at Doncaster station
Lost his fare and his voice in rotation
A porter suggested
"If you're interested
....."

Zubes offer a prize of £10 for the best last line to *any one* of the three unfinished limericks above. Send it, with your name and address and the inside disc from a tin of Zubes (or one of the bags in which Zubes are sold loose), to Dept. 2 G, ZUBES LIMERICKS, Sunnydale, Derby. The judges' decision is final. The competition closes on November 12th. The name and address of the prize-winner will be published in "Everybody's Weekly" and "The Leader" on November 28th, or can be obtained by sending a stamped, addressed envelope to the address above. Don't miss the next of these competitions in this paper. Remember, it's easier to write brightly about Zubes when you've tried them. And even if you don't win a prize you will have proved Zubes are best for throat and chest.

All entries will be examined.

ZUBES

ARE BEST FOR THROAT AND CHEST

In flat airtight tins 3D *and* 6D *or loose, 2½d. an ounce*

Prices do not apply in Eire.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas blouts up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get those two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/-

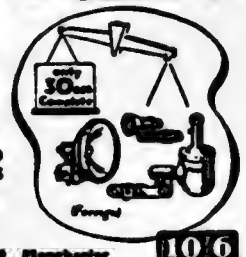
3/- *Sheffield* BREADKNIFE *for ONLY* 1/-

HERE'S a unique and special offer to "John Bull" readers. A 3/- genuine Sheffield Firth Stainless Steel Breadknife for only 1/-. You can get it in a very simple way. All you have to do is to send a package top from one of the giant 1/- Sylvan Fishes—the finest soap Fishes for your woollens and fine fabrics, for your heavy washing and washing-up as well. Users of smaller size packages can send two 6d. package tops, or four 3½d. package tops. Accompany them with a P.O. for 1/- and send addressed to Thos. Hedley & Co., Ltd., Dept. B41, Queen's Lane, Newcastle-on-Tyne. This offer is only available for a limited time, so

ACCEPT THIS SPECIAL OFFER NOW!

PIFCO DYNAMO LIGHTING SET

- Dynamo weighs 19½ ozs.
- Headlamp weighs 6½ ozs.
- Tail Lamp weighs 3½ ozs.



ALL GUARANTEED TWELVE MONTHS

Write for Catalogue of Pifco Electric Cycle Lamps.

PIFCO LTD., Walling St., Manchester, and at 53, City Rd., London, E.C.1.

10/6

Guard your beauty with the **OLIVE OIL** *in*

PALMOLIVE

Loveliness nowadays doesn't end with a lovely complexion. Arms, back and shoulders must be beautiful too. They can be if you use Palmolive. The creamy *olive oil* lather of this wonderful beauty soap cleanses thoroughly yet so gently that it soothes and beautifies even the most delicate skin. Use Palmolive in your bath always and keep your *whole* body sparkling with youthful loveliness. In fact, "Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion all over!"

An abundant supply of olive oil goes into every tablet of Palmolive Soap.

3d per tablet

Reader's Story by Ronald Simer,
29, Larkhall Rise, London, S.W.4.

Send us your story of real-life adventure, not exceeding 1,200 words. £5 5s. is paid for each story published. A stamped addressed envelope should be sent with each contribution

There Were No Survivors . . .

"The airmen made sure of their prey . . . As they flew off we scrambled over the wreckage"

I DUG the last piece of shrapnel out of the American's thigh and swabbed the wound.

Poor devil! Crippled for life like thousands more!

"You'll be all right now, old man," I lied, giving him a cigarette. He took it gratefully. His lips trembled, but he said nothing.

Like the rest of them he had borne his sufferings without a murmur.

"Take him to the base," I ordered the stretcher bearers.

For the past year this sort of thing had been my job day and night.

I had rushed into the vortex of the Spanish War as a volunteer with the Medical Unit, and I was sick of the sight of maimed humanity and blood.

Then a head was poked through the sacking entrance of the dug-out. "Chow," it said, and vanished. "Chow" meant food.

As I stumbled over the piles of kit littering the floor, I managed to knock over the one guttering candle, swore as I groped in the darkness; overturned a bucket of used dressings and swore again.

Finally, I found and relit the candle, took down the tin bowl from my pack and went into the late afternoon sunshine to get my rations. What a life!

"H'yar, chum, caviare, chicken and roast Moor! Champagne to foller!"

I grinned, and "Shorty," the little Cockney cook, grinned back as he ladled a portion into my dented bowl.

Shorty was the one bright spot in the camp, but Blanco, our American machine-gunner, did not seem to think so.

"Keep yo' beard out of ma soup, man!" he snorted.

"Wassamatter? Bloomin' finicky, ain't yer?" retorted Shorty. "You ought ter be thankful you got some ruddy flavour in this 'ere stoo!"

Back in the dug-out I looked hungrily at the greasy brown mess, wherein little islands of rice swam pathetically, and *cabunzas*, a species of bean as round and hard as bullets, bobbed about.

Yet even such food is appetising when you are starving.

I wolfed it, and lay down to sleep.

Towards morning the enemy began to send over heavy stuff, which presently developed into a regular barrage. We were in for a good dose of trouble.

I buckled on my revolver, jammed a tin hat on my head, and crawled outside to inspect the damage.

Dawn was streaking the sky. There was a fine drizzle, and wisps of mist hovered over the shell-holes and blurred the trenches. My teeth chattered with the cold.

Abruptly the barrage ceased. Silence, save for the drip-drip of the rain and the muttering of the men in the trenches.

SO far we had not been hit, but the lull was only the preliminary to a mass attack. I felt sure of that.

I joined the captain, an Englishman, who was scanning the horizon through a trench periscope.

Ammunition was depressingly low, and our reserves had not yet arrived to fill up the gaps in our ranks caused by the last raid.

Mercifully, Shorty came along with a small ration of brandy to each man. It cheered us up, and I pulled his leg.

Yes, Shorty was the one relief in our dreary existence, but how soon we were to lose him!

A few minutes later he was blown to pieces as he worked among his treasured pots and pans.

Here came the enemy! They attacked shoulder to shoulder, advancing behind a furious barrage.

Then our artillery got their range. Huge fountains of earth shot upwards, obliterating men and trenches in the mighty roars of sound.

Above the din screeched the shrill blast of the Captain's whistle, and our men opened up with volleys.

On my left I could hear Blanco's machine-gun chattering. He was squinting along the sights with rapt intentness, joyfully slaughtering his fellow-beings by the score.

By midday the struggle had degenerated into a sniping match. But the doctors, nurses and first-aid men were only just beginning their battle.

Three o'clock next morning found us reeling from fatigue, and dealing with the last of the wounded.

I was detailed to accompany the worst cases to the rear.

It was a nightmare of a journey over ground pitted with shell-holes, strewn with barbed wire, and mountains of debris.

At last we reached the convoy, and loaded our cargo of wounded.

Then someone called my name. I paused in the act of mounting an ambulance. A runner came up, saluted, and handed me a note.

"Return at once," it read, "offensive pending. Request convoy return from base with (here followed a list of urgently needed supplies).—Signed, Le Vann, Chief Medical Officer."

And I had hoped to escape from the inferno! Ah, well! All in the day's work! So, with the runner, I set off on the road back.

We had travelled scarcely a quarter of a mile when, from overhead, came the drone of 'planes.

"Avion!" bawled the runner in my ear.

WE sought cover in an olive grove near by until the birds of war had passed.

Suddenly the Spaniard gripped my arm and pointed.

"Madre de Dios, look!" he cried. "They are after the ambulance convoy!"

True enough! The convoy was crawling up a steep gradient on the other side of the valley we had just left.

The 'planes swept down. There was the crash of bombs, the sharp staccato of machine-gun fire.

The airmen were making sure of their prey. . . .

As they flew off, we scrambled back over the heaps of wreckage. There were no survivors. . . .

Sadly the Spaniard and I turned our faces towards where the thunder of the guns rose in a crescendo of hate.

"Amigo," he said simply, "you are, indeed, blessed by the Saints. Had I been a few moments late——"

The ease with which Mansion Polish imparts a brilliant and lasting polish to Floors and Furniture saves endless trouble. And 'Mansion' also ensures a healthier home because its antiseptic properties destroy dust germs.

MANSION POLISH

Tins 3d., 6d. and larger sizes

FOR FLOORS, FURNITURE & LINOLEUM

CHISWICK PRODUCTS LTD., LONDON, W.4

MP. FF. 37.

Make Your Choice

T	O		I	C

"When invalid is depressed it's difficult to choose suitable one" *runs your Clue to the incomplete word above. One letter more and there is your Answer.*

This little teaser is one of several in the entertaining Crossword on pages 40 and 41. Begin on the puzzle now, with one Answer fresh in your mind—and your reward may well be the colossal 3-in-1 First Prize of £5 Weekly for Life, £10 Annual Christmas-box and £1,000!

£100 in prizes

Win a big cash prize in this fascinating competition. Mason's Ginger Wine Essence has for years been a favourite non-intoxicating drink the world over. Win a prize and also experience the comforting warmth of this delicious economical drink. A 9d. Bottle of essence makes 8 pints of delightful Ginger Wine.

All you have to do is to construct from each of the following words:—

ECONOMICAL COMFORTING DELICIOUS

as many words of 3 letters and over as possible, for example:—

1 ECONOMICAL Comical, Come, etc.
2 COMFORTING For, Morn, etc.
3 DELICIOUS Sole, Lose, Use, etc.

Then make a slogan of not more than five words (see rule 5 below) such as:—

"THE SUCCESS OF THE PARTY"

1st £50, 2nd £25, 3rd £10
30 of 10/-, 400 Consolation Prizes

Read carefully the following simple rules:

1 Words must be placed in alphabetical order and only those which appear in the current edition of a Standard Dictionary will be allowed.

2 Enclose list of words and slogan, with your name and address, in an envelope and address it to Dept. 61, Newball & Mason Ltd., Nottingham. On the back of the envelope state the total number of words constructed.

3 Every entry must be accompanied by the top flap taken from a Mason's Ginger Wine Essence Carton.

4 No correspondence will be entered into and the judges' decision is final.

5 Every entry must be accompanied by a five-word slogan for Mason's Ginger Wine Essence. In the case of a tie, the winner will be decided by the best slogan.

6 Entries must be received by or before the first post December 12, 1938. Winners will be announced in the DAILY MAIL, December 22, 1938.

7 There is no limit to the number of entries which you may send in provided each one is accompanied by the top flap from a Mason's Ginger Wine Essence carton.

MASON'S
GINGER WINE ESSENCE
Newball & Mason Ltd., Nottingham

CROSSWORD No. 130.
TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

ON pages 40 and 41 is presented the 130th of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following:—The Editor of JOHN BULL and Professor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who at one Entry Form has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any point in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as answers will be regarded as having tied at those points which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, November 24, 1938. The reasons which dictated the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S then weekly "Crossword Gazette," complimentary copy of which is obtainable by sending a penny postcard to "Gazette" Dept., 20, Bedford St., W.C.2. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the money sum of 2,000 Guineas will be equally divided; not more than one cash prize allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is finally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

Wetter Water!

The secret is the addition of a new synthetic alcohol.

The latest miracle of science is wetter water! Whatever the new water touches, it wets instantly. Many yarns that take several minutes to become wet with ordinary water, become soaked with "wetter" water in a few seconds. This is one of a thousand marvels discussed in "Armchair Science," the magazine that makes the study of science a fascinating adventure.

Armchair Science

ON SALE EVERYWHERE — 6D

Thick CATARRH

To drive out stubborn phlegm and end distressing symptoms get "NOSTROLINE"—the scientific Catarrh Remedy. Smear a little inside each nostril and gently sniff it up. "NOSTROLINE" banishes clogging catarrh mucus in double-quick time. Opens stuffed-up breathing passages in 30 seconds. Heals inflammation. Ends Catarrh, Colds, 'Flu, Head Noises, Catarrh-Deafness. Perfectly Safe. Insist on NOSTROLINE Nasal Remedy. All Chemists, 1/3. 38

Free Sample from "NOSTROLINE," J.86, Bristol, 8.

NOSTROLINE NASAL REMEDY

TAKE PURITAN SALTS FOR RHEUMATISM.

ARE YOU LOSING HAIR—OR BALD?

Do you know that when the hair falls out, or comes out on the comb, the roots DO NOT come out also? They remain in the scalp, and in very many cases can be invigorated and aided to grow new hair again even after a long time, by using Kotalko.

"I had so many bald patches all over my head that I felt ashamed to take off my hat. These patches were absolutely bare. The scalp seemed almost dead. I used many preparations to bring on a new hair-growth, but all failed.

"I am now delighted to tell you that after using 3 boxes in all of Kotalko, and washing with Kotalko Soap, I now have as good a head of hair as anyone else."

MR. G. GRUNDY.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER
and
Kotalko Soap 38

If you have dandruff, or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or actually bald, use or copy the coupon below

TO JOHN HART BRETTAIN, Ltd., 9, Percy St. (53.KP), London, W.1. Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of Kotalko and Kotalko Soap, with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Feed Hair Roots with KOTALKO. Cleanse & Soften Hair Follicles with KOTALKO SCALP SOAP—the Tonic Shampoo.

all Change to RATIONAL TAILORING

"EVER SINCE I CAN REMEMBER I've been dead keen on anything to do with cars; so I reckon I've got the right sort of job—machining parts in one of the biggest car factories in the country. In a job of this kind there's no point in dressing smartly and spoiling good clothes, so when I'm at my lathe I always wear overalls."

"BUT OUT OF HOURS I BELIEVE in making the most of myself and dressing well. In my new Overcoat, for instance, I feel smart enough to go anywhere, to move in any company. That's the best of Rational Tailoring. It's done away with a lot of the old class distinctions and brought really good cloth and smart cut within the means of ordinary working men like me."

★ ★ ★ *The Overcoat he is wearing is our Travelling Ulster belted all round. It is made in plain Cheviot, but of course it can be got in checks and all sorts of very attractive patterns. As this is his only Overcoat, it is a particularly happy choice for it is suitable for all weathers.*

STANDARD PRICES 50'- 63'- 75'-

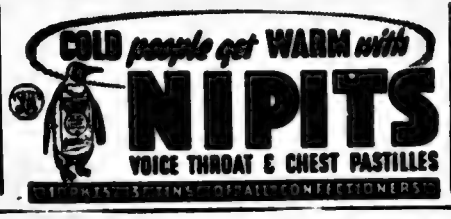
The FIFTY SHILLING TAILORS

PROPRIETORS PRICES TAILORS LTD

OVER 350 DEPOTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES AND TOWNS

Accept this FREE OFFER

WOULD you like to try Angier's Brand Emulsion, the most invigorating tonic of its kind and a standard treatment for colds, coughs and catarrhal affections? A generous sample will be sent to all readers who fill in the Coupon on p. 27, or write, mentioning JOHN BULL, to The Angier Chemical Co., Ltd. (Dept. E.29), 86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1. Attach 4d. stamp for postage.



FREE!

AMAZING BOOK BY A FAMOUS MIND DOCTOR

and a remarkable chart is sent with every book. Write now, mentioning "John Bull," to Wincarnis, Dept. A1, Norwich. A postcard will do! Further details appear on page 29.

WHY SOME CHILDREN PUT ON WEIGHT FASTER THAN OTHERS

Nearly all children are given cod liver oil tonics in winter, to build up their bodies and protect them against illness. Then why do some children thrive better than others?

PRACTICALLY every mother knows that children *must* be given a cod liver oil tonic in winter, to help them to put on weight, and to protect them against coughs, colds and epidemics.

Then why is it that, although almost every child is given cod liver oil, some children put on weight much faster than others and are much more free from colds?

A famous Medical Research Body gives the answer: *The children who put on weight fastest and are safest against infection are those who get cod liver oil in its most digestible form.*

"Only when cod liver oil is given in the white, creamy form of Scotts Brand Emulsion," says this Research Body, "can children wholly digest the oil, and get all the body-building goodness they need."

FOUR GOOD REASONS WHY YOUR CHILD'S COD LIVER OIL TONIC MUST BE SCOTTS BRAND EMULSION

1. Ordinary cod liver oil is difficult for your child to digest. Most of it passes straight through the child's system and is wasted.
2. Scotts Brand Emulsion is the most digestible form of cod liver oil. Within 30 minutes after taking a spoonful, *every drop* has gone to strengthen the child's whole body, particularly the chest and lungs.
3. Scotts Brand Emulsion *helps* your child's digestive juices. Thus it ensures that the body gets more nourishment out of food.
4. Scotts Brand Emulsion also contains hypophosphites of lime and soda to help in building up your child's bones and teeth.

Next time you are ordering a winter tonic for your child, remember that only Scotts Brand Emulsion has these four advantages.

The other boys used to call him "Skinny"

"MY BOY used to be a great worry to me," writes a Leicester mother. "Every winter since he was a baby I'd given him a cod liver oil tonic, but still he kept catching colds, and became pale and peaky—the boys at his school used to call him 'Skinny.'

"Then I decided to try giving him Scotts Brand Emulsion, for a change—and a real 'change' it was. He gained five pounds last winter, and he didn't catch a single cold."

Follow this mother's example—put your child on a course of Scotts Brand Emulsion today!

STOMACH PAINS

ARE DANGER SIGNALS

When your digestive organs are out of order, the simplest food often causes distress. Heartburn, acidity, flatulence torment you; worse still, your food doesn't nourish you and so you become an easy prey to illness. It stands to reason you cannot be strong and healthy unless your digestive organs—stomach, liver and bowels—are working properly.

Mother Seigels Brand Digestive Syrup combines in concentrated form the medicinal virtues of more than ten different herbs, roots and barks which experience has shown have the power of restoring tone, efficiency and regularity to the digestive organs as no single drug or combination of drugs can do. The action of Mother Seigels is gentle, not drastic; it builds up, little by little, day by day, Nature's way, the only true way. All chemists have it at 1/3 and 3/-.

A HOME PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

FOR ONLY 10/- DOWN

and 20 monthly payments of 10/-.

GET full particulars of the unique offer made by the Remington Typewriter Co., Ltd., on p. 28 by filling in and posting the Coupon NOW.

Get it Off Your Chest!

"She was a wonderful wife, but although in my heart I worshipped her, I never showed my feeling"

"OPEN confession is good for the soul," says the old proverb.

It is certainly good for the mind and the nerves.

Secret confession is good, too. You feel better when you "get it off your chest."

"I expect you will think all this is very silly," writes a woman reader, "but I feel you are a friend, and my trouble does not seem half so bad now I have put it down in black and white."

"I know I've been a fool," writes a man, "but I had to tell somebody, so I've unloaded it on you! I hope you won't mind?"

Of course I don't mind, and I can always respect the man or woman who owns up to being in the wrong.

I get scores of letters from wives complaining about their husbands' temper, and scores more from men who complain about their wives'.

BUT here is something different:

"I am often told that I am my worst enemy because I have a vile temper. I am told that I could never hold a responsible post for long because of this, and I do so want to get on.

"My employers say I have brains and ability for a better position, but that my temper is 'filthy.' It is roused in a moment, and a few seconds later I feel sorry and want to apologise.

"Am I alone in this failing?"

This comes from a man in his early thirties.

The most hopeful feature of his case is that he knows his weakness, and is anxious to cure it.

Is he alone with this horrible temper? He is not. He is one of many thousands who fly into rages on the slightest provocation and regret it immediately afterwards.

It is probable that the habit was acquired in his youth. He found he could make an impression and get his own way by outbursts of "paddy," and the habit of childhood still clings to him.

Men who sulk and women who cry to get their way are equally guilty of playing childish tricks in adult life.

When we realise the explanation of these habits, we are half-way to getting rid of them.

Keep an even mental keel. When you are flouted, or ordered about unfairly, try to assume a look of surprised amusement.

It will be far more effective than going purple in the face.

Much healthier, too, for bad temper poisons the blood.

Humanist's Page

"Humanist" invites you to seek his advice when you are worried or perplexed. Address your envelope to 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

"Greatest of These"

"Nipper"

THE little child you see here is "Nipper" Lloyd, one of a family of eight, whose parents are having a hard struggle against debt and ill-health.

The father, a one-eyed ex-Serviceman, has a job, but his wage is small. For six months the mother has been so ill that she has had to leave the care of her children to neighbours.

To add to her difficulties four of the children have been in hospital with scarlet fever.

And now there is a summons for rates arrears hanging over their heads and the father lives in fear of arrest and imprisonment.

We ask readers to help this family in their plight by sending donations earmarked "Nipper," to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL'S War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Donations will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

A NOTHER letter of frank confession comes from a young wife.

She ran into debt during the first year of married life, and her husband found out.

"Of course there was trouble, but he paid on the understanding that if ever I was short of money I would go and tell him," she says.

"Well, to my shame, the same thing happened again a year later, but I could not bring myself to tell him.

"He found out from one of the tradesmen who came to see him about my debts. It was a great blow to him after my promise.

"Ever since then my life has been hell. I think I killed all the love he had for me then.

"When I saw how I had hurt him, I vowed I would never get into debt again, and I have never broken that vow.

"Still, he swears he will not trust me.

"If only it were not for the two mistakes I made at the beginning, I know I could be the happiest woman on earth. I am suffering for my sins and cannot see a way out."

The husband has a horror of debts and pays for everything on the nail.

It was a shock to him to find his wife secretly running up debts. It spoilt his faith in her.

But I think he is unreasonable. He forgave once, and once only. He might give her another chance.

I am convinced that if he will give her another chance to make good he will have no reason to regret it.

A THIRD letter of open confession comes from a man:

"We have been married five years and have a dear little daughter," he writes.

"After marriage I developed into a proper stay-at-home and never wanted to go out anywhere. My wife got 'fed up,' naturally, and we had several tiffs.

"She was a wonderful wife, and although, in my heart, I worshipped her and treated her as my idol, I never showed my feeling.

"Everything she did for me I seemed to take for granted. I wanted her to enjoy herself, and yet I got jealous.

"I heard rumours about her and another man while I was abroad, and this gave me cause for more suspicion and jealousy.

"In the end I threatened her. 'If I thought you loved this other man,' I said, 'I'd strangle you!' It terrified her and she left me.

"I have tried all to convince her it was only crude jealousy, and I have written scores of letters pleading with her to return.

"Life is hell without her and our baby. I'd give twenty years to make up for the misery I have caused.

"How can I make her realise that I love her and want her back? She simply refuses to trust me again. I feel you may be able to help me where all others have failed."

This miserable man confesses to two bad faults. He gave way to those primitive feelings of jealousy which always spring up when a man wants to "own" a woman absolutely.

He made no attempt to show the least appreciation for all she did for him. He idolised her, but never let her ever guess!

Really, I am not surprised that she fled—especially when he threatened to murder her.

But a woman's love for the father of her child rarely dies.

The thing that strikes me about this letter is the man's complete sincerity.

He knows that his suspicions were false; he knows that he was the victim of selfish jealousy; he finds life unbearable without her. His words are convincing. He is desperately in earnest.

He has written scores of letters of pleading without result. My advice to him is that he should go to see her.

A heart-to-heart talk should convince the wife that he really means what he says—that he is genuinely sorry for his behaviour in the past.

If he does mean what he says (and I believe he does) she will know in a moment.

A glib tongue may deceive an inexperienced girl, but to a man's own wife nothing is so convincing as genuine sincerity.

BRYLCREEM

the perfect Hair Dressing

IN BOTTLES AND TUBES 1/-

Larger bottles 1'6, 1'9, 2'6.

Also use **BRYLFOAM** —the latest and best shampoo in a tube. Price sixpence—sufficient for 3 hair-health shampoos. Remember—*it's quicker by tube!*

The County Perfumery Co., North Circular Road, West Twyford, London, N.W.10. royds C536.

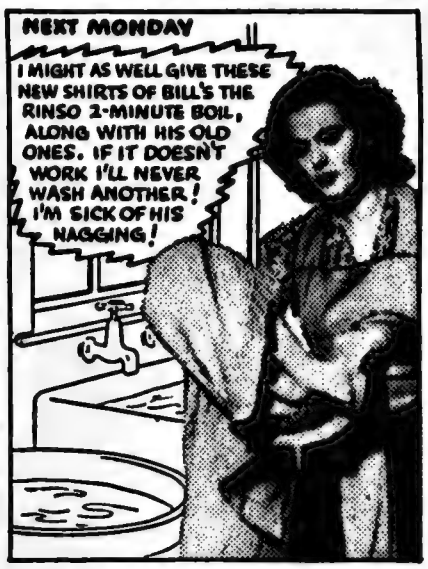
BILL... was scornful

...AND THE AMAZING DIFFERENCE MADE BY A QUICKER, EASIER, BETTER WAY TO WASH CLOTHES

AMY... showed him!

AMY, LOOK WHAT SIS SENT ME — TWO GRAND SHIRTS.... HOPE THEY DON'T GET WORN AND DINGY IN A FEW WEEKS LIKE THE REST OF MY SHIRTS.
IF I WASH YOUR SHIRTS SO BADLY, BILL, GET YOUR SISTER TO WASH THESE! I'M FED UP!
A LITTLE LATER
AN EASY WAY TO WASH? I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
THIS INVITATION IS FROM THE MAKERS OF RINSO, FOR A MOST UNUSUAL STAGE SHOW. YOU WILL LEARN ALL ABOUT A WONDERFUL NEW EASY WAY TO WASH CLOTHES BRILLIANTLY CLEAN.

NEXT AFTERNOON—AT THE SHOW
SO YOU SEE, THE RINSO 2-MINUTE BOIL MAKES SHIRTS AND ALL YOUR HOUSEHOLD LINEN ABSOLUTELY DAZZLING. YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO ANY HARD RUBBING! AND THE RINSO 12-MINUTE SOAK MAKES COLOUREDS BRILLIANT!
THINKS:
YES... BUT WILL IT WORK AT HOME?


NEXT MONDAY
I MIGHT AS WELL GIVE THESE NEW SHIRTS OF BILL'S THE RINSO 2-MINUTE BOIL, ALONG WITH HIS OLD ONES. IF IT DOESN'T WORK I'LL NEVER WASH ANOTHER! I'M SICK OF HIS NAGGING!

THAT EVENING
AMY, THESE SHIRTS ARE MARVELLOUS! AND MY OLD DINGY ONES LOOK LIKE NEW TOO! YOU'VE WORKED WONDERS, DARLING!
YOU CAN BET YOU WON'T HAVE A DINGY SHIRT AGAIN, BILL DEAR!
THINKS: THANKS TO RINSO!

DAZZLING WASH DONE EASILY AND HOURS SOONER!

TO save all hard rubbing, save 30 minutes' fuel, and yet get an absolutely dazzling clothes-line in record time, just do this:

Give whites the Rinso 2-minute boil. Put them into the copper in lukewarm Rinso suds. First, just damp any extra-dirty places and smooth in a little Rinso. Bring the clothes to the boil, as usual. But then, boil for only 2 minutes. The clothes come out snowy!

Coloureds get the Rinso 12-minute soak. It makes them dazzling.

Try the Rinso 2-minute boil and 12-minute soak next Monday. And give woollens and fine things a quick wash-through in cool Rinso suds. Rinso completely transforms washday!... yet it costs only 3½d., 6d., or 10d. a packet.

RINSO

B 2665-71 *P. S. Hudson Limited, London*

LONG WINTER EVENINGS AGAIN —TIME TO ENJOY

THE 1939

Berkeley

SUPERLAX

Fully Patented No. 414464. Regd. Design.

Here's a welcome after the day's work. A Berkeley Superlax by the fireside is a friend which never disappoints. It makes the long evenings a positive delight to every lover of true comfort, and is a handsome and durable piece of furniture which adds distinction to every home.

Thanks to the enormous demand for Berkeley Upholstery and to constant improvements in production at the great Berkeley factories, we are able to offer this sensationally improved model at a reduced price. Never, even in the long history of Berkeley successes, has better value ever been given, and the price is one that everybody can afford.

The 1939 Berkeley Superlax has new features which affect every part of the chair. It has a completely novel 'billowed' back, designed to afford your back and shoulders and head the most luxurious comfort. For your arms or hands to rest on there are thickly padded, rounded arms. Your legs too will be more comfortable because the new seat is rounded in front, while the springs are set even deeper than before.

This model is equally suitable for tall and short. It has the well-known patented automatic action enabling you to change to any position—upright, resting or lounging—without leaving or adjusting the chair. Fitted with concealed castors. The upholstery is of the finest quality—arms and seat being ALL HAIR stuffed.

See the Models of Berkeley Upholstery and range of Coverings before deciding upon your furnishing scheme. Send Coupon NOW!

Sold under our usual Guarantee of money back if not satisfied within seven days. FREE Delivery in England, Wales and Scotland.

IN 3 QUALITY COVERINGS

CASH PRICE **68/6**

or 72/-:— 5/- with order and balance 10/- monthly.

2 chairs ordered at the same time reduces the monthly payments from 20/- to 15/-.

CASH PRICE FOR COMPLETE THREE-PIECE SUITE

£12:5:0 or £12:17:6 — 12/6 with order & balance 16/- monthly.

H. J. SEARLE & SON, LTD.

(Dept. J.B.) 70-78, OLD KENT ROAD, LONDON, S.E.1.

West End Showrooms: 123, VICTORIA ST., S.W.1

Branches: 83-87, London Road, CROYDON; The Parade, WATFORD; 85, New St., BIRMINGHAM; 71, Deansgate, MANCHESTER; 149, Becontree Avenue, DAGENHAM.

COUPON Please send me Catalogue of all Models of Berkeley Upholstery, together with complete range of Coverings.

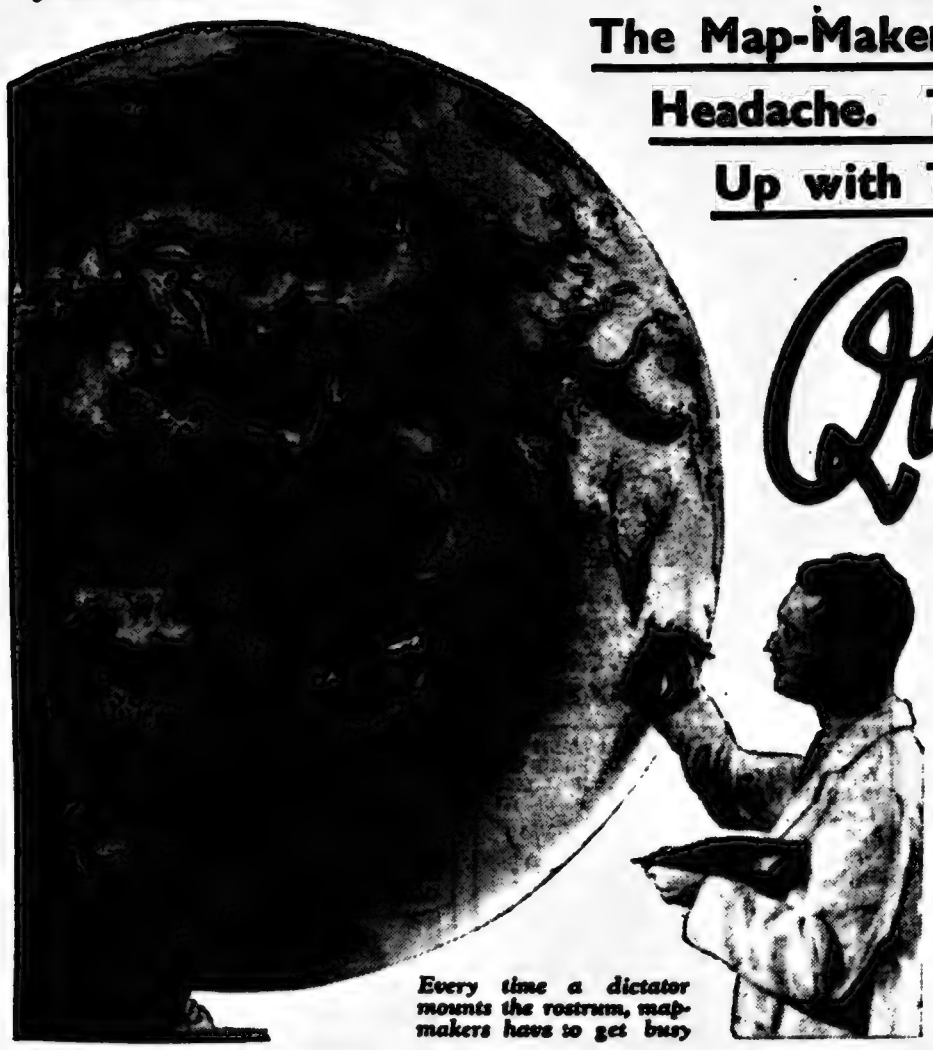
*Name*_____

*Address*_____

John Bull 5/11

The Map-Makers Have a Permanent Headache. They Can't Keep Up with This

Quick-CHANGE WORLD



Every time a dictator mounts the rostrum, map-makers have to get busy

LAUGHING groups of people gathered outside the shop-front in one of London's busiest streets.

In the window hung three maps.

The first showed Europe in 1914, the second showed Europe at the beginning of 1938.

The third was just an outline such as are supplied to schools for the children to fill in frontiers, rivers and capitals.

Under this map was a little notice. It said: "**WE GIVE UP. FILL THIS IN YOURSELF!**"

That was how a famous firm of map-makers humorously voiced its despair at ever keeping up with the quick-change world of to-day.

Every time a dictator mounts the rostrum, every time a touch of acid creeps into diplomatic Notes, the map-makers groan and "hold everything."

They have plenty of cause for grumbling.

Last Spring one of the biggest firms completed a new set of European maps.

IT was an extensive series, produced on several scales and in different sizes for commercial, library and school use, and for a special book atlas.

It was Europe up to date, and its preparation, involving the work of scores of lithographic artists, map draughtsmen, and the gathering and sifting of masses of new information, had occupied a full year and cost thousands of pounds.

On March 11, almost before the ink was dry on the first "run" of these maps, Hitler's troops marched over the Austrian border. Austria ceased to exist, and the maps were at once *out* of date.

Edward Stanford, Ltd., the Ordnance Survey agents, produced a special map of Central Europe.

Then the Czechoslovakian trouble began to loom up, and printing had to be stopped.

ON October 1 Germany occupied Sudetenland, and Stanfords got new frontiers from the Foreign Office—the frontiers fixed by the Munich agreement.

But these were no sooner redrawn on the "stones" from which maps are printed than the Berlin Conference began to make yet different frontiers. The work had to be done over again.

And all these trials have come to the map-makers at a time when their craft is booming.

There is an amazing increase in "map-mindedness" on the part of the public, due to the greater use of maps by the Press in illustrating world news events.

When Colonel Fawcett, the explorer, disappeared in the Amazon jungle, thousands of large-scale maps of Central America were sold.

Most of them were bought by people in the villas of suburbia so that they could follow the search, taste the drama of the Green Hell while sitting in comfort in their own armchairs.

The same thing happened when Mussolini's legions marched into Abyssinia, revolution broke out in Spain, and crisis gripped Europe.

But quick-change frontiers are only a part of the map-makers' burden.

Language revivals, nationalist fevers and the practice of renaming rivers, towns and whole districts after local or national heroes, has put grey hairs in their heads and blown holes in their profits.

The map export business, in which British firms hold a world lead because of the accuracy of their work, has become crazily complicated.

Stanfords, for example, have long done a big trade with China.

But none of the great Eastern merchants will accept maps which show the markings of the Japanese conquests, and of States like Manchukuo.

The Chinese Government has put a heavy duty on maps which show the new situation, and Chinese schools, officials and commercial travellers will not use them.

SO the firm has to have two sets of map stones, one showing the old situation and one the new.

When the Free State became Eire, another firm had to change all the place-names on its maps to the Celtic equivalents.

Just think of what a problem this sets the map draughtsmen. Hundreds of almost unpronounceable names must be redrawn in reverse—just as you would see them in a mirror.

The map-maker's job is not made any easier by the reluctance of certain nations to give details about territorial changes.

There are international agreements under which nations exchange information on such points, but many countries do not honour these agreements.

So map-makers have to send private agents abroad to work almost as discreetly as secret service men and keep them informed of changes.

Britain itself has never adopted such hush-hush tactics, and our open-handedness presented map-makers with a new kind of problem during the crisis.

There was a rush of orders from private people and small booksellers throughout Germany and other countries in Central Europe for Ordnance Survey and similar detailed maps of areas in Britain.

Such maps show the key-points of our big ports and industrial towns.

One firm received more than a thousand orders in a few months, and although the maps were available to the public the circumstances were so unusual that the firm felt obliged to notify the authorities, and to ask for advice as to whether or not to supply.

For there is no country in the world so well mapped as Britain.

Any foreigner can learn more about a few fields in some remote shire than he can about a whole province in his native land.

Germolene
Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT
Healed BABY'S SORES
Read this Wonderful Case

Dear Sirs: My baby girl, aged eight months, has an extremely sensitive skin and a number of sores on her buttocks have caused me great anxiety. There was no improvement until I tried Germolene which cured the trouble of weeks in a few days. G. L. C., Long Eaton.

GERMOLENE is the World's quickest healer . . . so powerful that it heals up the most awful ulcer, yet so gentle and soothing that it is suitable for the skin of the youngest child! GERMOLENE soothes at the first touch. Get YOUR tin NOW!

The Wonder Remedy for
ABSCESSES
BOILS
ITCH
WOUNDS
IMPETIGO
ULCERS
BAD LEG
ECZEMA
BLACKHEADS
RASHES
SCALDS
IRRITATION
ACNE, BURNS
RINGWORM

SOLD EVERYWHERE
6d, 1/3 & 3/-. Hospital Size 12/-

To preserve the delicate bloom on Baby's skin or to keep your complexion free from Wrinkles, Lines and Blemishes, use
GERMOLENE MEDICATED TOILET SOAP All Chemists 6d. per Tablet

Say good-bye to shiny nose!

Banish shiny nose—your greatest menace to beauty—for ever! Use Snowfire Powder-Cream for a matt-finished skin that never loses its fresh loveliness. Use it because it doesn't clog the pores. There are five flattering shades—Naturelle, Peach, Rachelle, Deep Rachelle or Ivory to suit your colouring. And you will love the fragrant perfume.

Never have a shiny nose—use

Snowfire
POWDER-CREAM

How Professor Polland, the famous dermatologist of Graz University, Austria, prescribes for

FALLING HAIR

Dr. Polland writes: 'Falling hair is an invariable sign that the scalp is being starved of its natural food—the roots fail and baldness will result unless this natural food is applied externally. Silvikrin, which I always prescribe in such cases, is the hair's natural food: besides stopping hair falling and preventing dandruff, it actually makes new hair grow.'

(Above) Mr. Horne-Norman, whose falling hair was bringing him rapidly to baldness. See how healthy his hair is now—thanks to Silvikrin. Mr. Horne-Norman writes—

1a, Queenscourt, Wembley, Middx.

"For several years I have suffered from dandruff accompanied by the loss of hair with the consequent result of becoming "very thin on top". Six weeks ago, I was induced by my hairdresser to take a course of Silvikrin treatment. The result has amazed me. Dandruff has completely disappeared and new hair is already appearing. In view of the many so-called hair remedies on the market, I should like to emphasize my appreciation of Silvikrin."

(Signed) L. Horne-Norman.

Under the microscope, as Mr. Horne-Norman sees it—a much magnified section of the scalp and hair root. The black bulbous 'root' can come right out, but if the fibrous real root beneath is alive, Silvikrin will make new hair grow.

WHAT YOU NEED:

SILVIKRIN LOTION for your daily hair-dressing to protect you from dandruff and falling hair, to keep the scalp healthy and the hair vigorous, lustrous, and well groomed. If you still possess a healthy head of hair, the regular use of Silvikrin Lotion will maintain it in perfect condition. Bottles, 1/6, 3/6, 8/-.

PURE SILVIKRIN, the concentrated natural hair food in cases of severe dandruff, heavy loss of hair, thinning hair, bald patches and threatening baldness. 6/-, sufficient for one month. *From chemists, hairdressers and stores.*

To sufferers from dandruff and falling hair—even those afflicted with baldness—the amazing work of Dr. Weidner comes as a godsend. For it was he who discovered the fourteen separate and distinct organic elements that the bloodstream should be supplying to the scalp for healthy hair growth. These he compounded, in Nature's exact proportions, in Silvikrin. Silvikrin, therefore, because it is what the hair roots should be getting *naturally*, quickly clears up dandruff and prevents falling hair, *and if the root is alive, makes hair grow.*

Look up your hair trouble in the table—see what you need—and get your Silvikrin to-day.

Silvikrin DOES GROW HAIR

L-45-H

READ THIS—

Learn how these sufferers obtained QUICK RELIEF from—

- Asthma
- Bronchitis
- Catarrh

Potter's Asthma Cure can give you the same Instant Relief in cases of Asthma, Bronchitis and Catarrh as it has done to hundreds of thousands of other victims. Once again you can enjoy life, go about your usual occupation and be sure of restful and refreshing sleep at night. Potter's Asthma Cure is also unequalled for Chest tightness, Wheeziness, Hay Fever, Whooping Cough, Croup, etc. Supplied by all Chemists, Herbalists and Stores at 1/6, or direct post free 1/9. Fill in the coupon below for the new edition of our FREE BOOKLET "Are you Asthmatic?"

Result—absolutely marvellous.

"My wife had been an unfortunate victim of Asthma and Bronchitis for about 25 years. Her daily asthmatical attacks were most distressing and her nightly struggles to breathe made me dread the thought of attempting to sleep. She was practically an invalid, gradually despairing of ever being cured. Frankly life seemed a miserable existence until my wife decided reluctantly to give Potter's Asthma Cure a real trial. I can tell you in all sincerity that the result has been absolutely marvellous, her wheezing and cough ceased and breathing became normal as soon as she inhaled Potter's Asthma Cure. Potter's is an institution in the home now and we never fail to recommend it to sufferers we meet. Words fail to indicate adequately our heart-felt appreciation."—E.A.W.

Got ease at once

"I was a terrible sufferer from Asthma and Bronchitis and tried every known remedy to ease it, without result. I was highly recommended to try your wonderful cure and got ease at once."—T.V.L.

Good for Nasal Catarrh

"For nasal catarrh I have derived benefit from the use of your Asthma Powder, and shall continue to use it as occasion requires."—M.B.

The originals of these unsolicited testimonials can be seen at any time.

POST COUPON FOR BOOKLET

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

To Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60 Artillery Lane, London, E.1.
Please send me, post free, a copy of your valuable booklet "Are you Asthmatic?"

Name.....

Address.....

John Bull

All outdoor workers who suffer from Asthma or Bronchitis, and are obliged by their occupation to be out-doors in all weathers, should smoke Potter's Asthma Cigarettes and Smoking Mixture. Always carry a supply with you and thus avoid future attacks. Obtainable everywhere.

FENNINGS' Children's Powders

HAPPY BABY
HAPPY MOTHER

Best and safest for children cutting their teeth. Contain nothing injurious to a tender babe.

WRITE FOR A FREE COPY OF FENNINGS' "EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK" to

70 YEARS REPUTATION
SOLD IN BOXES - 1/3 & 3/-
Also 1d. each or 2 for 1½d.
INSIST ON FENNINGS'

ALFRED FENNINGS, COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT

STOP THAT COLD FOR 2D

SNEEZING, SHIVERING, ACHING, FEVERISHNESS

Sneeze... Shiver ...Ache.....How rapidly that chilly feeling seems to get right into your very bones! Stop it NOW for 2d. That's all a Beechams Powder costs, but the relief it brings is worth more than gold. Just as marvellous, too, for RHEUMATIC TWINGES, HEADACHES, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA. Make a point of spending 2d. on a Beechams Powder and getting speedy relief at the first sign of a Cold, Chill or Pain!

BEECHAMS POWDERS

ACT LIKE MAGIC

Cartons of 8 Powders 1/3. Single Powders 2d. each. Not Laxative. Sold Everywhere. A Beecham Product.

Why Suffer from PILES?

Famous Ointment Relieves & Removes Them

Are you a victim of piles (hæmorrhoids)? Do you suffer from swelling and burning irritation? Are you weakened by constant hæmorrhage? If so, try Zam-Buk. This wonderful herbal ointment has proved successful in thousands of cases, often when an operation seemed the only escape. Zam-Buk brand ointment brings relief and is wonderfully soothing; it has a contractive influence on the dilated veins, checks the bleeding and causes the piles to gradually disappear.

Zam-Buk also exerts a valuable antiseptic influence, thus preventing septic conditions arising where the membranes are broken or inflamed. Don't suffer from piles a day longer—get a 1/3 box of Zam-Buk and use it according to the printed directions.

SOLID ZAM-BUK

In addition to Zam-Buk ointment for external piles, you can also obtain Zam-Buk Soluble Suppositories for inward use, price 1/3 per box. Left in position at night they cure while you sleep.

Exact size

For INWARD PILES

READ THIS CONVINCING TESTIMONY

"For years I had piles and used to be laid up with them. Zam-Buk Suppositories wonderfully relieved the pain and other symptoms. I can do housework in comfort and be on my feet eight hours a day."—Mrs. M. S., London.

"The pain and hæmorrhage of piles caused constant misery. I began to look like an old man and was low-spirited. Regular use of Zam-Buk caused the piles to disappear and ended my years of suffering."—Mr. A. F., Liverpool.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Every Lady should write today for Graves Display of latest Fashions showing the newest ideas in Ladies' Wear, all offered at the keenest prices, on the fairest of Easy Terms

2/6 Monthly

Carnarvon

An extremely attractive close weave plain Velour is the material chosen for this handsome Winter Coat which is beautifully trimmed in bold revere style with rich and silky American Opossum fur. The garment is designed with three-seam panel back, three-button front, stand-up collar tastefully trimmed with machine stitching, together with a machine stitched all-round belt with oriental slide. Carefully lined throughout with plain Art. Silk to tone. Shades: Rust, Bottle, Nigger, and Navy. Sizes: S.S.W. to O.S. (Busts: 33 to 52in.) Length: 44 to 56in. **22/6**

Terms: 2/6 monthly

PATTERNS POST FREE

Write for full range of cloth Patterns of Newest Models: Coats, Costumes, Frocks, Underwear, &c., in latest styles. Ask for patterns of any garment you require with self-measurement Form & full particulars Sent Free per return. Styles & Patterns are also available of Young Ladies', Maids' & Girls' Fashions, and we offer excellent value in Footwear, Furs, and Mantles' Clothing, etc.

NO CHARGE FOR EASY PAYMENTS

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

GREY HAIR *banished*

HINDES HAIR TINT is harmless for restoring and preserving the natural colour of the hair. Contains no grease. Easy to apply. Cannot be detected. Four shades: Light Brown, Dark Brown, Brown, Black. Chemists Stores Hairdressers 2/6 per bottle.

HINDES HAIRTINT

FREE SAMPLE

Send 2d. for postage and state shade required to Hindes Ltd., 5 Great Queen St., Kingsway, London, W.C.2

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR *ended in 3 minutes*

Without Razors, Electric Needles Or Smelly Depilatories

The razor cuts off hair at the level of the skin—leaves coarse ugly stubble which grows back faster than ever. Now by an amazing discovery hair can be dissolved away *below the skin surface*. No stubble; no coarse regrowth. Try this dainty sweet-smelling cream, sold everywhere under the trademark New 'VEET.' Simply spread it on—wash off—and the hair is gone. Skin is left soft and velvety smooth. End your superfluous hair troubles for ever with New 'VEET.' Successful results guaranteed or money refunded. At all Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores. 6d. and 1/3.

BEDRIDDEN BY PAIN!

"My kidneys and back were so bad that I had to stay in bed. After three weeks of Bole's Gin Pills I was up and around again and feel as strong and well as ever I used to be."—Mrs. M. E. From chemists 1/3 and 3/- or post free from Newbery and Phillips, Ltd., 31/33a, Banner St., London, E.C.1. Write for FREE Sample!

"JOHN BULL'S" POOLS PARLIAMENT

TRY THIS METHOD

says "Poolex"

This is your page—say what you like, ask what you want to know about your winter hobby. If a problem to be solved or an opinion to express concerning football pools, write to JOHN BULL, Pools Parliament, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

SO many readers have asked me for a method for the popular 8-match points pool that I hasten to oblige.

Start by making a list of the matches in the order in which they appear in the Graded Guide.

Put down first the games having most points in favour of the home team (or fewest points in favour of the away team). Then number the matches in this order from 1 to 8.

From matches 1, 2 and 3 on this list choose two home bankers, and from matches 7 and 8 choose one away banker. This leaves five matches to be covered by permutation.

I have constructed the following nine-line markings to cover the likely results of those five games (note that these lines do not *guarantee* a dividend, but, with correct bankers, give roughly a 7 to 1 chance):—

Graded Guide Order.	
Match 1, 2 or 3—	
x x x x 2 2 2 2	x x x x 2 2 2 2 2
Match 4—	
1 2 x 1 2 x 1 2 x	x 1 2 x 1 2 x 1 2
Match 5—	
1 x 2 1 x 2 1 x 2	2 1 x 2 1 x 2 1 x
Match 6—	
x x 2 1 1 x 2 2 1	x 2 2 1 x x 2 1 1
Match 7 or 8—	
2 2 x 1 1 2 x x 1	2 x x 1 2 2 x 1 1

Punters who want a 9-line entry can use either of the above tables. For 13-lines use both.

I have also had requests from small syndicates regarding this pool. For them, I suggest the use of these tables with different sets of bankers up to the limit of their stakes.

For instance, suppose that 18 lines have been entered with Match 8 as an away banker. Then a further 18 lines could be entered using Match 7 as the away banker, and so on.

Remember, finally, that the markings are given above in Graded Guide order, which, as a rule, will not be the order in which the games are printed on the coupon.

Time Saver

I am concentrating on the seven-out-of-seven pool, and want to enter 24 threepenny lines. What is the best combination to use, including bankers?—W. H. M., South Harrow.

Three bankers, three two-way forecasts and one match completely covered can be entered in 24 lines. Usually it is not necessary to write out all the lines. Most promoters will accept an entry like this example:—

1 1 1 1 X 2 1 X 2 1 X 2	64-line permutation.

Before you use this short entry, make sure that the promoters of your pool accept entries in this form.

Concerted Action

I spend only 1s. on the pools, and my friend suggests that I go in with him instead of staking on my own. He invests 5s. each week, divided between the 10-results, 3-draws and penny pool. Do you think this is a good idea?—G. D., Belfast.

Like any coupon-sharing scheme or pools syndicate, this should give you more chance of winning a smaller amount than if you were staking on your own.

If you decide to try it, I suggest you persuade your friend to concentrate on one pool, and add your stake to his, sharing any wins in proportion.

Past History

At the beginning of the season "Poolex" gave forecasts for several weeks based on past history. Personally I think these were better than the "Graded Guide," so can we have them back again, please?—A. S. A., Norfolk.

Results go to show that the "Graded Guide" is more accurate, but I should like to have the opinion of some other readers on this point.

All Wrong Again?

I stake 2s. on the points pool each week. Four times last season I had a column without a single correct result, and last week I did it again. Is this a common occurrence? I think it is just as hard to get them all wrong as it is to get a correct line.—T. G., Bedford Park.

No, it isn't. There is only one way of getting your forecasts all correct, but 4,096 different ways of getting 12 forecasts all wrong.

Two Chances

There are some good dividends being paid on the pools in which one has to pick eight home teams failing to win. This ought not to be very difficult when you have got all five leagues to pick from. Can you suggest a selection method in connection with your "Graded Guide"?—D. G. S., Plymouth.

It should be remembered that nearly 60 per cent. of the results are home wins, on the average. But in the last 20 matches on the away list of the "Graded Guide" home wins are reduced to between 30 and 40 per cent. I suggest you should make your selections from this group. For bankers, choose matches in the Scottish or Third (Northern) Divisions which are tipped as likely aways. Form is more reliable in these divisions.

Out of Luck

I have not had a pool win for two years. Can you suggest some method for a small stake? I usually have one line in the aways pool, one line of three draws, and 3d. each in the points and results pools.—N. E. A., Birmingham.

One of your troubles is too many pools. I suggest you spend your 1s. 6d. on the following entry in the three-draws pool:—

x	x	-
x	-	x
x	-	x
-	x	x
-	x	-

This will give you a winning line if any four out of five selections are correct, and also you have about a 2 to 1 chance of a win if only three of your five selections are draws.

Better Chances

How many lines would be wanted to mark the following entry? Take ten matches (for the eight-results pool) and choose four bankers. Then allow for two errors in the other six selections. Do you recommend this method?—D. D., Port Talbot.

You would require 15 lines to allow for two errors in six matches. Four bankers seems rather a lot and makes the entry "top-heavy." I should prefer to take eleven selections, choose two bankers only, and mark the other nine like this:—

1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—	—	—	—
1	1	1	1	1	—	—	—	1	1	1	—
1	1	—	—	—	1	1	1	1	1	1	—
1	—	1	1	—	1	1	—	1	1	—	1
—	1	1	—	1	1	—	1	1	1	—	1
—	1	—	1	1	1	1	—	1	—	1	1
1	—	1	—	1	—	1	1	1	—	1	1
1	—	—	1	1	1	—	1	—	1	1	1
—	1	1	1	—	—	1	1	—	1	1	1

This would give you a winning line if your bankers and any seven other forecasts are correct, and you are only relying on two bankers.

Pool fans who invest in small amounts should watch the *Sporting Life Weekly* every Saturday for special penny entries designed by "Poolex." This is one of the many useful features included in the *Weekly's* comprehensive pools service.

Graded Guide by "Poolex" (copyright)

Below are the games to be played on Saturday, November 5, not in the customary categories of League Divisions, but specially arranged to form a Graded Guide to the likely results of these matches. Six performances of each team have been assessed by awarding points for each performance on its merits.

Thus the likeliest Home Winners to choose from are at the top of the list. To pick likely Away Winners make your choice from those at the end.

Points in Favour of Home Teams.

77 Celtic v. Ayr	43 Fulham v. Notts F.	17 Morton v. Brechin
74 Swindon v. Ipswich	41 Alloa v. King's Park	15 Bradford v. Burnley
73 Derby v. Preston	40 Port Vale v. Cardiff	12 Man. C. v. Tottenham
66 Darlington v. Accrington	38 Kilmarnock v. Raith R.	10 Bury v. W.B.A.
64 Notts C. v. Walsall	36 Southport v. Halifax	9 Aston V. v. Manchester U.
63 Stenhousemuir v. Forfar	34 Blackburn v. Coventry	8 Northampton v. B'mouth
61 Aberdeen v. Hamilton	33 Aldershot v. Manafield	7 St. Bernards v. Cow'beath
60 Newport v. Brighton	31 Millwall v. Southampton	6 Grimsby v. Chelsea
58 Crystal P. v. Southend	29 Hibernian v. Falkirk	5 Gateshead v. Lincoln
55 E. Stirling v. Dundee U.	27 Everton v. Middlesbrough	4 Watford v. Exeter
50 Doncaster v. N. Brighton	25 St. Mirren v. St. J'stone	3 Sheffield W. v. Newcastle
49 West Ham v. Norwich	21 York v. Bradford C.	2 Chesterfield v. Plymouth
48 Dunfermline v. Leith	20 Crewe v. Oldham	1 Huddersfield v. Leicester
44 Clapton O. v. Bristol R.		

Points in Favour of Away Teams.

Arsenal v. Leeds	1	Portsmouth v. Liverpool	23	Carlisle v. Barnsley	41
Queen's Park v. Clyde	2	Swansea v. Sheffield U.	27	Brentford v. Bolton	43
Wolves v. Birmingham	3	Montrose v. Dumbarton	28	Wrexham v. Hull	44
Blackpool v. Charlton	4	Arbroath v. Third Lanark	29	Bristol C. v. Q.P.R.	45
Hartlepools v. Stockport	15	Sunderland v. Stoke	30	Edinburgh v. E. Fife	49
Rochdale v. Chester	20	Torquay v. Reading	35	Partick v. Motherwell	51
Rotherham v. Barrow	21	Queen of the S. v. Hearts	36	Albion R. v. Rangers	58
Tranmere v. Luton	22	Dundee v. Airdrieonians	37		

If you want to get somewhere you go the quickest way.

If you have a cold or the 'flu you want to get rid of it as quickly as possible. It has been established beyond a shadow of doubt that 'ASPRO' IS THE QUICKEST WAY TO STOP A COLD OR 'FLU ATTACK. So why not try 'ASPRO'? Remember, 'ASPRO' attacks feverish colds and 'flu in three ways. After ingestion in the system (1) it has internal antiseptic qualities, (2) it has antipyretic or fever-reducing qualities, (3) it promotes a healthy skin action, thus eliminating the poisons. 'ASPRO' tablets stop pain in a few minutes and two tablets in half a glass of water make a most effective gargle for sore throat, tonsillitis, etc. These qualities make 'ASPRO' the most efficient—the quickest-acting and safest antidote for 'flu. 'ASPRO' does not harm the heart—neither does it cause gastric upset nor stomach trouble. So don't delay, buy a packet to-day—it may save you weeks of lying up.

STOP THAT COLD NOW WITH 'ASPRO'

MORE COLD & 'FLU TESTIMONY

PLEASE GIVE GENEROUSLY
NOV. 11 REMEMBRANCE DAY

CONTINUAL COLDS NOW STOPPED BY 'ASPRO'

96 Thessaly Road, Battersea, London, S.W.8.

Dear Sirs,—I feel I must write and tell you how much I appreciate 'ASPROS.' I was always suffering with colds, one after the other, until I tried 'ASPROS.' Since then I very seldom have a cold.

Two 'ASPROS' and a glass of hot milk, on retiring, have often stopped an attack of 'flu in my family. Personally I am never without a packet. I will always recommend them to my friends. Yours gratefully, E. H. ALGAR.

DO NOT BE PUT OFF WITH IMITATIONS

NOVEL GARGLE TREATMENT DISPELS THE 'FLU

49 Martin Street, Upperthorpe, Sheffield, 4.

Dear Sirs, I am writing to let you know how wonderful 'ASPROS' are. I had a cold and influenza. I gargled with 'ASPRO' in lemon water and in 10 minutes I was greatly relieved. I give you my permission to publish this letter.

I remain, H. WHITE.

'ASPRO' & HOT LEMON STOP COUNTRYMAN'S COLD

Squires Farm, Logmore Lane, Dorking, Surrey.

Dear Sirs, I am one of those people always catching a cold, sometimes being laid up for several days at the time, and I take 2 'ASPRO' tablets with a hot lemon drink. They always do me good. I would not be without a packet in my house. Yours truly, C. PULLEN.

NEVER FAILS TO STOP COLD

45 Barrington Road, Brixton, S.W.9.

Gentlemen, About 8 years ago I wrote to inform you of the great benefit my wife and myself had received from 'ASPRO'. I thought it might interest you to know that I recently recommended 'ASPRO' to a friend who has been troubled with rheumatism. He tells me that not only did he secure instant relief, but the improvement appears to have been permanent. My step-son has also found 'ASPRO' wonderfully efficacious in an attack of violent toothache. May I add that I have never known 'ASPRO' fail to stop a cold if taken at bedtime with hot milk. I may say that I should not care to be without some in the house.—Yours faithfully, W. T. WILKINSON.

COLD BANISHED IN ONE NIGHT

Hill-Side Stores, Lawford, Essex.

Dear Sir, I feel that I must write and tell you that your 'ASPRO' banished my cold the other week. I took two 'ASPRO' tablets and hot lemon before retiring at night and got up in the morning a new man.—Yours Gratefully, C. MAYTHORN.

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Made in England by
ASPRO Limited
SLOUGH BUCKS.
Telephone: SLOUGH 608

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

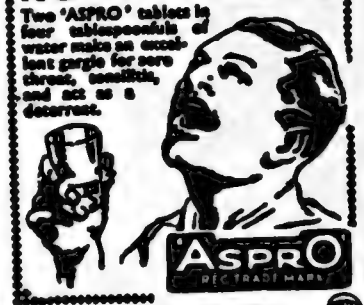
All Leading Chemists and Stores Stock and Display 'ASPRO'

TRY 'ASPRO' FOR

INFLUENZA, HEADACHES, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, GOUT, RHEUMATISM, ALCOHOLIC AFTER-EFFECTS, TOOTHACHE, COLDS, LUMBAGO, IRRITABILITY, NEURITIS, HAY FEVER, NERVE SHOCK, PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN, MALARIA, ASTHMA

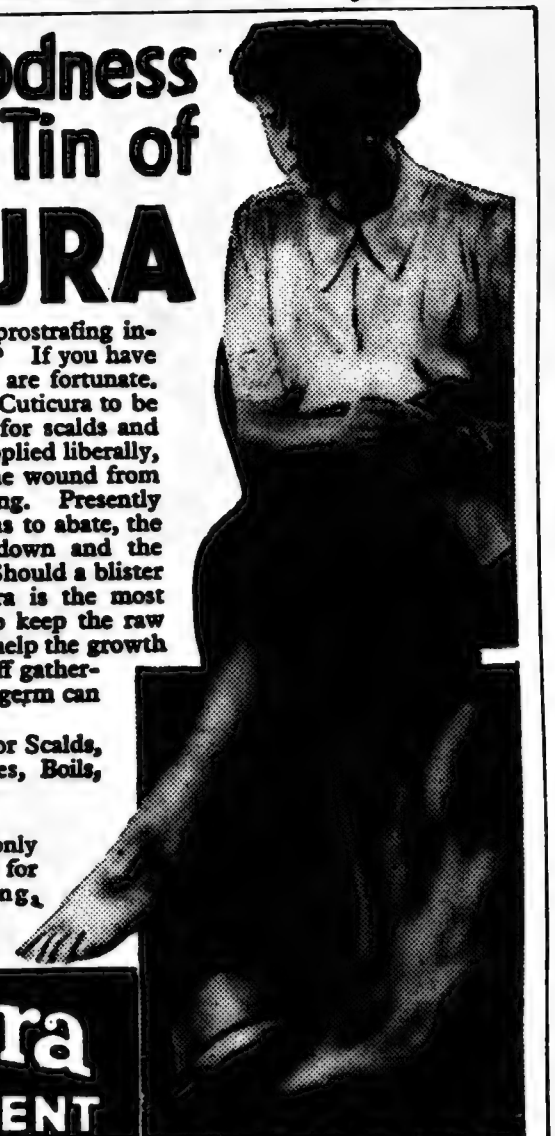
'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE

Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsilitis, and act as a deterrent.



PRICES 3D 6D 1/3 2/6

Thank Goodness I bought a Tin of CUTICURA



Is there a more agonising and prostrating injury than a bad scald or burn? If you have Cuticura Ointment handy you are fortunate. Over 50 years' use has proved Cuticura to be the finest first-aid and healer for scalds and burns. Applied in time and applied liberally, Cuticura Ointment protects the wound from the air and prevents blistering. Presently the terrible stinging pain begins to abate, the burning inflammation cools down and the injured limb is comfortable. Should a blister form and burst, then Cuticura is the most soothing healer you can use to keep the raw flesh clean and healthy and to help the growth of new skin. Cuticura wards off gathering and poisoning because no germ can exist where Cuticura is used.

A quick and unfailing healer for Scalds, Burns, Cuts, Eczema, Pimples, Boils, Ulcers, Bad Legs, etc.

Skin sufferers should use only Cuticura Soap in the bath and for washing. It has soothing, emollient properties.

Cuticura BRAND OINTMENT

HASTENS HEALING & GROWTH OF NEW SKIN

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED. Proprietors of "John Bull."

RHEUMATISM OF YEARS STANDING

If you suffer from this harassing complaint do not give up hope. Vitadatio the tried and proved herbal remedy triumphs again! Mrs. White, Cubitt Town, Poplar, writes:—"I have been ill for years with Rheumatism and Ulcer on my ankle, been under treatment for months and in Hospital with little result. My son advised me to take Vitadatio and I never felt better for years. I can walk and wear shoes which I have not worn for three years. I cannot praise Vitadatio too highly."

Start now! Get a bottle to-day! Sold by Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, Chemists, Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle or direct per post (6d. extra in U.K.). From VITADATIO, ARMLEY, LEEDS. **Write for FREE BOOK** RW 121

£35 in Cash Prizes FREE! For Best Last Line to Limerick on Page 27.

THE proprietors of "DIPLOMA" CHEESE offer a first prize of £15 Cash and numerous other cash prizes for the best Last line to Limerick in their announcement on page 27. Turn to it now—read the simple conditions, then send in your entry at once. Note closing date, Friday, November 11, 1938. You may send in as many entries as you like provided you comply with the rules. Address your entries: Competition (Dept. 12), Wilts United Dairies, Ltd., Trowbridge, Wilts.

A Super Bargain for Housewives

—that does away with Cleaning Slavery

Say good-bye to the drudgery of hands and knees behind dustpan and brush. Let the Dudley Electric Vacuum Cleaner, as advertised on page 18, free you from this back-breaking task. For full particulars of the various models of special interest to all housewives, write, mentioning "John Bull," to C.W.S. (Dept. J.B.1), National Works, Dudley.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Graves 'VULCAN' 4-Valve Battery

THREE-WAVEBAND SUPERHET

is the World's greatest Radio success.

This marvellous scientific triumph is available for every home—Full range of reception from Short, Medium and Long-wave stations; clearest reproduction of Musical performances, Entertainments, Sports events, World-wide News and actual voices of the most interesting speakers and personalities. This magnificent full size Walnut Set compares favourably with Sets at double price, and is offered on the most beneficial terms without extra charge. Backed by the Graves 40 years' reputation, on the fullest approval, for 5/6 now, and 5/6 monthly. Nothing else to buy. Total Price £6:17:6

WE OFFER EXCHANGE PRICE FOR OLD SETS

Write for Illustrated Catalogue and full specifications of the latest A.C. Mains & Battery Sets Post Free.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

LAST DAYS TO WIN!

Mrs. E. Bradbury.

LESS than a week now remains to make your entry for "John Bull's" sensational Autumn Crossword Offer. There is no time to lose—but you still have ample time to win that monster First Prize of £5 Weekly for Life, £10 annual Christmas-box and a £1,000 fortune.

For the second week in succession and for the 96th time since our Crosswords began, last week's First Prize was won outright—and the successful competitor was a woman of 81.

"My family have often joked about my devotion to Crosswords," said this winner, Mrs. E. Bradbury, 132, Abbeydale Road South, Sheffield. "But now they admire the way I stuck to them!"

Settle down to the Clues and stick to them, as Mrs. Bradbury did, until you have found a fitting Answer to each one—that is the way to bring one of the most thrilling First Prize Joy Wires of 1938 to your door on Friday, November 18. But start now and remember that the Crossword closing date is THURSDAY, November 10.

(N.B.—*For the convenience of Crossworders entering also for this week's big "Bullets" Offer on page 43, note that any entry for Giant Crossword No. 130 which is enclosed with a "Bullets" entry may be posted up to Saturday, November 12.*)

ACROSS CLUES

1. Little ones about the place will brighten party
4. May help sonny to stick stamps in his album
7. Often to be seen on sleeve of coat
8. May have to be pulled up sharply on occasions
9. Slippery fish
12. You would expect one to shrink a bit
15. Lubricate
17. Housewife doesn't expect her cook to do this
20. Is sometimes cut
21. This of mink is hardly cheap as a rule
22. Is frequently rather careless
23. Man sometimes does this through rough deal

CLUES DOWN

1. With this, it's sometimes job to make ends meet
2. Downpour makes it most unpleasant for weary troops out on this
3. One often dodges
5. Employ
6. When you've had thunder it often turns this
10. One doesn't expect good mountain climbers to be beaten by
11. If hubby's excuse is this, wife is likely to be suspicious
12. Long narrow snow-shoe
13. Modern furniture is frequently made in
14. When invalid is depressed it's difficult to choose suitable one
16. May be a bit of a rambler
18. They're often like dolls
19. Usually makes raids in the night

HERE ARE YOUR FINAL SQUARES

POST BY WED., NOV. 9

—and retain Bonus Voucher to accompany next week's entry!

Read these Rules—Terms and Conditions on page 33

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of sixpence for each two squares submitted; two squares allowed FREE with each six paid.

2.—Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be sent by post as directed (not delivered by hand) to reach us not later than Thursday, Nov. 10, 1938.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or misaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, November 24. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, November 29, in accordance with directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

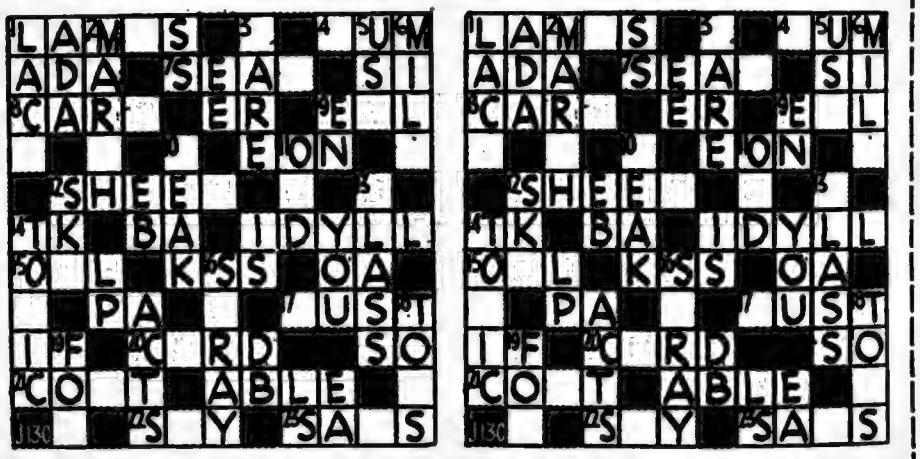
5.—Should the First Prize be shared, 2,000 Guineas cash will be paid instead of the Three-in-one Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

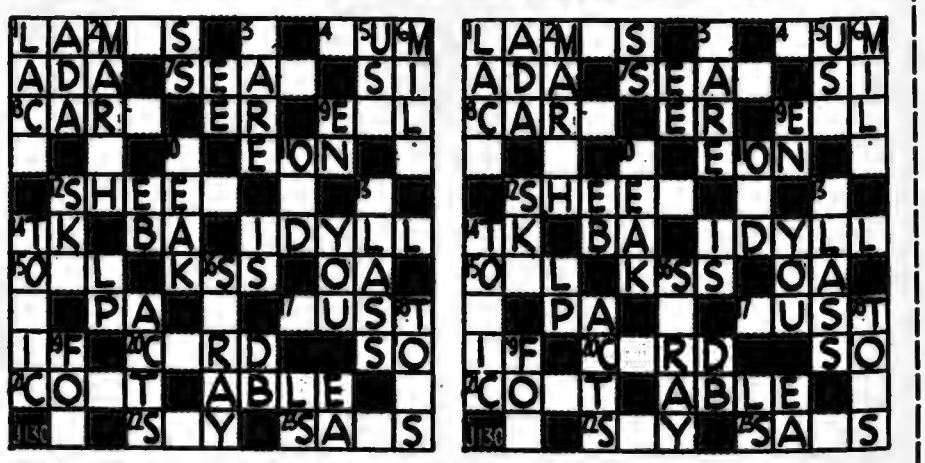
7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 130. CLOSING THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1938.



IF USING 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE



In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. Value..... No.....

With 2 squares send P.O. for 6d.

With 4 squares send P.O. for 1s.

2 SQUARES 6d.

4 SQUARES 1/-

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

£10 Xmas Cheque Yearly and £1,000 CASH

2000 GUINEAS CASH IF WINNER PREFERS SINGLE PRIZE

UP TO 400 XMAS HAMPERS

One with each prize of 10s. and over, containing Plump Xmas Fowl, Sausages, Xmas Pudding, Cake, Fruit, Chocolates, Cigarettes, Biscuits, Fine Old Port.

£2 XMAS CASH BONUS! Extra £2 Cash with Hamper if winning entry was one requiring and accompanied by entry-fee of 1s. 6d. or over

CLOSING THURS. NOV. 10

COMBINED ENTRY PRIVILEGES

If desired, your Crossword entry may be enclosed with *Bullets* entry, with Single Postal Order sufficient to cover both entry-fees. Make such Postal Order payable to "John Bull," cross /& Co./. Address Combined Entry envelope Crossword No. 130 and *Bullets* No. 1,145, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking it "C and B" in top left-hand corner, observing that *Bullets* closing postmark is Saturday, November 12.

Each sender of Crossword Entry value 1s. 6d. is permitted to submit one *Bullets* coupon for current Offer ABSOLUTELY FREE, provided it is enclosed with and bears same name and address as Crossword entry.

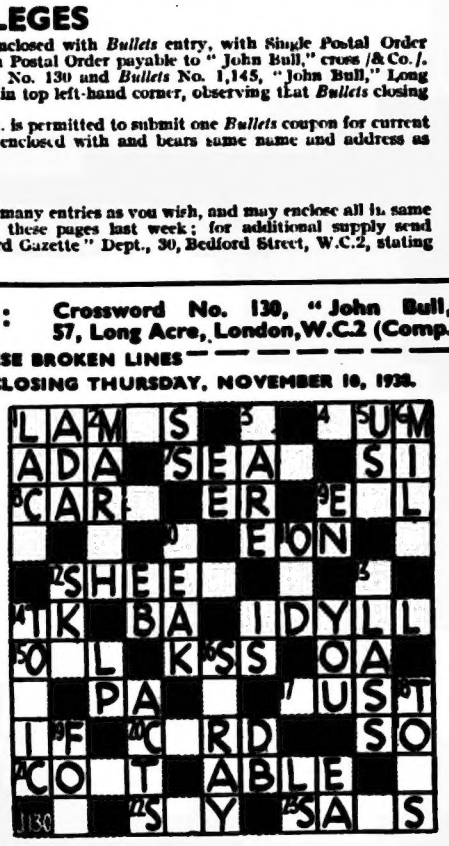
EXTRA FORMS

For this special Contest only, you may send as many entries as you wish, and may enclose all in same envelope. Other Entry Forms appeared in these pages last week; for additional supply send penny postcard to JOHN BULL'S "Crossword Gazette" Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2, stating number of sixpenny Entry Forms required.

ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 130, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD NO. 130. CLOSING THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1938.



FREE SQUARES BELOW Available only for "John Bull" Crossword No. 130, and if accompanied by paid entries value 1s. 6d.

In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. Value..... No.....
Two squares above FREE if sending 6 squares with P.O. for 1s. 6d.

6 SQUARES 1s. 6d. allowing 2 SQUARES FREE

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

2 BIG CHEQUES & RADIOS
WON IN CROSSWORD No. 128

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 128, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious Sets of Answers for one Square (see on right) were the following two competitors:—

H. G. HOLLOWAY, 57, York Avenue, Stanmore, Middx.

J. JACKSON, c/o 43, Sunnymead Avenue, Mitcham, Surrey.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the First Prize of £500, and a cheque for £250 will be sent to each, together with an 8-Guinea "Cossor" Radio.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted an entry eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, November 8, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all entries submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £100 Award to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 42 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive £2 7s. 8d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

A useful Surprise Award for each of 399 entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer will be posted this week.

WINNING SQUARE

F	L	O	U	R	■	L	A	M	B	S				
A	I	R	■	A	D	M	I	T	■	P				
M	■	L	U	C	K	■	D	■	S	O				
E	W	E	R	■	Y	■	W	■	S	E	T			
■	I	■	D	■	■	O	W	L	■	■				
■	■	S	N	A	P	■	R	O	U	G	H			
S	H	■	B	E	N	D	■	M	A	■	■			
T	E	■	N	■	■	R	E	■	■	■	■			
O	P	A	L	S	■	J	U	M	B	O				
R	I	N	E	■	A	L	S	O	■	W				
E	G	■	O	L	D	■	T	O	O	L				

A.128

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the Square above.

One space is left blank to indicate that at this point BOWL and COWL were regarded as apt Answers of equal merit.

Reasons for Committee's findings will appear in next week's "Crossword Gazette," complimentary copy of which is obtainable by sending a penny postcard to Gazette Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2.

WINNING WORDS

ACROSS.—1. FLOUR. 3. LAMBS. 5. LUCK. 8. SET. 10. BOWL or COWL. 11. SNAP. 13. ROUGH. 14. BEND. 18. OPALS. 20. OLD. 21. TOOL.
DOWN.—1. FAME. 2. RACY. 4. SPOT. 6. WISH. 7. WORD. 8. SLUM. 9. DAB. 12. PENS. 15. FAN. 16. RUST. 17. FOWL. 19. PIG.

RETAIN THIS VOUCHER
to enclose with entry for Next Week's
BIG PENSION OFFER

CUT ROUND THIS BORDER

XMAS BONUS VOUCHER

AVAILABLE ONLY FOR ENCLOSURE WITH ENTRY FOR NEXT WEEK'S X-WORD No. 131.

I certify that I submitted ..... 6d. Entries for Giant 3-in-1 Crossword Offer No. 130. I now enclose..... 6d. Entries for Crossword No. 131 and, accordingly, claim the Christmas Bonus value £1 with any cash prize that I win in this Contest.

Signed .....

Address.....

.....

ENTER ALSO for Next Week's BIG PENSION OFFER!

GOOD OLD EPSOM SALTS
In a bedtime sweet

Now at long last here's Epsom Salts—the laxative you *know*—the laxative doctors have always recommended—in tablet form and sugar-coated! Pleasant to take. Accurately dosed. Thorough, but *natural* in action. No after-pains. Perfectly safe for children. Just one or two Epsotabs at bedtime clear every atom of poison-waste gently, *safely* away. Look for EPSOTABS — THE LAXATIVE in the yellow, red and green carton. Only 2d., 6d. or 1/3. Send for generous free sample to EPSOTABS LTD., (J.B. 4.), 59, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.—(Advert.)

FREE
ECZEMA,
Psoriasis, all Skin Diseases & Bad Legs. Sufferers should write to us at once, when
ONE WEEK'S FREE TREATMENT
will be sent with our Booklet of Testimonials, telling of the wonderful cures of skin diseases we have made, when other treatments have failed. Send 3d. in stamps for postage and packing.
This offer is open until Nov. 19 only.
Address: Dept. 17, TOM WARD, Ltd.,
Medical Skin Specialists,
BRADFORD, YORKS.
Also 573, Chester Rd., Old Trafford, Manchester, 16; and 98, Sandylands Promenade, Morecambe, W.E.

How to
BE FIT and KEEP FIT
Get particulars of the Charles Atlas System of Physical Training carried out in your own home. Learn how it will make a new man of you. Proof is contained in special book. Write for it now!
★ 48 Page FREE BOOK
This book tells all about a 7-day Trial Offer. It tells how to develop strong muscles—how you can get fit and remain fit. It explains this easily, simply and without the use of apparatus. Write mentioning "John Bull" to Charles Atlas (Dept. 13/K), 2, Dean Street, London, W.1, for a copy of this Free Book.

JOLLY GOOD STUFF THIS
TOP MILL SNUFF
IN TWOPENNY TINS FROM TOBACCONISTS
J. & R. WILSON LIMITED SHEFFIELD

Rough and red hands?
Heal them with—
Snowfire Tablet overnight
3d. Family Sizes 6d. & 7d.
Soft Snowfire in tins 3d.

"Bullets" Illustrated:

Mrs. Brown Popped In And—My "Flight" Postponed "Crisis"

The Editor Laughs Last

MUSICIAN (Oxford).—"Some accompanists absolutely drown the soloist." And many soloists deserve it.

L. P. (Mansfield).—"My boss isn't really clever; he only makes people think he is." Well, isn't that clever?

G. K. N. (Thame).—"A new frock is the best tonic for a woman." But it's often a bitter pill for her husband.

E. H. (Kettering).—"Poverty has sent many a man to jail." Some of those who are simply coining money go there as well.

NURSE (Birmingham).—"My latest patient is an elderly glass-blower." Aren't you afraid to put the thermometer in his mouth?

A. A. (Penistone).—"He says his wife attacks him with a poker and he came to me for advice." And you told him to instal electric fires?

AUCTIONEER (London, S.W.).—"I was recently asked to sell an old suit-case completely covered with labels." Property of a retired cook?

K. H. (Leicester).—"On two occasions I have had to turn my mother's favourite nephew out of the house for being impertinent." A cousin twice removed!

T. C. (Rochdale).—"If all our railways were electrified many people would miss the good old steam trains." We often do that as it is.

* * *

M. G. H. (Widnes).—"We are not going the right way with our young girls." You think they need more dressing down and less dressing up?

* * *

F. M. (Hatfield).—"My neighbour is always going up to London for minor operations. I wonder what she has got?" Plenty of money, we should say.

R. M. (Keyham).—"The best thing a man can do when in difficulties is to stick out his chin and face the worst." Boxers don't think so.

F. R. (Gloucester).—"Before long we shall have our food concentrated in little round tablets." That will mean the end of the square meal

S. E. (Salford).—"I know a new road where the houses are not yet numbered and they are called some very funny names." By the postman?

FARMER (Manaton).—"In my opinion, sheep are the best-tempered animals." And yet there are occasions when they lose their wool.

* * *

R. P. (Purley).—"I am tall, dark and handsome; I have brains, wealth, personality and energy; and I can swim, box, fence, dance, sing, skate. In fact, I lack nothing." What about modesty?

* * *

D. N. (Ashford).—"Hacking on the shin was allowed when I played rugby as a young man." Nowadays these tactics are often used by bridge players.

S. B. (St. Albans).—"Moving the arms rapidly will ensure that a bull won't attack you." Another method is to move the legs rapidly.

H. V. (Mossley).—"Is it really true that the wild beasts of the jungle will not harm you if you carry a lighted torch?" Well, it all depends on how fast you carry it.

T. T. (Morden).—"I had a most peculiar dream of being in Trafalgar Square with dozens and dozens of columns standing up before me." You'd sat up late with your pool coupons?

T. B. (Midlands).—"Our football club sent five pounds to the local hospital last Saturday." Instead of the usual referee?

D. K. (Burnley).—"If you were given another chance, what would you start life as?" A baby.

F. C. (Blackpool).—"I think a football match should always be a good draw." Isn't a definite result better?

APPRENTICE (Egham).—"The electrician just showed me the chief details of the house wiring and then left." He went over the main points with you.

F. S. (Carlisle).—"It seemed a good idea to tell my wife that the expensive fur coat she was trying on did not suit her." But it didn't come off?

BASIL (Bognor).—"I raised an objection when they asked me to pose for the camera with the young actress." You weren't taken with her?

MR. T. (Weston).—"I am tired of continually hearing the feeble old mother-in-law joke." But surely that is better than hearing her grumble and nag?

* * *

W. H. (Hampstead).—"I should like your honest opinion of the enclosed article." We are not so sure that you would.

* * *

E. B. (Hackney).—"How can I avoid hitting my thumb whenever I use a hammer?" Get someone else to hold the nail.

M. N. (Walsall).—"The girl of to-day often kicks up an awful row if she hasn't a latchkey." And also if she has one.

E. L. (Bristol).—"You haven't carried out any of the big batch of ideas I sent you last week." No, the office boy did that.

O. B. (Tooting).—"Once you break a £1 note, it seems to go nowhere." Put together a few words with one of those *Examples* opposite and a *Bullets* £1 cheque may come to your address every Saturday for the rest of your life.

ACTOR (Brighton).—"I've had a well-known film producer after me for nearly nine months." Then it's about time you paid up what you owe him.

D. M. (Braintree).—"I'm sorry to admit it, but I really cannot understand modern art." Well, you are no worse off than some modern artists.

NANNIE (Acton).—"She made all the children who had been invited to tea wash their hands both before and after the meal." Keeping the party clean, eh?

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

GLASGOW EVENING TIMES:—"... on R.A.F. SPEECH launch from Pembroke rushed to the scene."

THE BIRMINGHAM SUNDAY MERCURY:—"... and the latter as the result of SUCCESSFUL shoulder injuries."

BOLTON EVENING NEWS:—"You should find the certificates amongst her DEFECTS."

WEST LANCASHIRE EVENING GAZETTE:—"... fired a number of shots into the crowd, KILLING one man SERIOUSLY and injuring six others."

ARGYLLSHIRE ADVERTISER:—"... charged with a breach of the peace by cursing, swearing and using OBSCENE language."

EVENING TELEGRAPH (GRIMSBY):—"... the British Racing Drivers' Club has offered prizes for the best self-propelled cars made or Boy Scouts."

Dad . . . Forgets ***by Maz***

Win over £1,000 IN PENSION CHEQUES DURING THE NEXT 20 YEARS by CAPTURING 20 WEEKLY FOR LIFE

"BULLETS" FINE FIRST or LUMP SUM of £250

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Join John Bull's Xmas Party!

OTHER BIG CHEQUES

£25 £10 £9 £8 £7 £6 £5 £4 £3

10 of £2-10

100 PLUMP AND SUCCULENT XMAS FOWLS

TO ARRIVE IN GOOD TIME FOR DEC. 25

THOUSANDS OF OTHER PRIZES—EACH WITH NEW BONUS OFFER

ONE WEEK ONLY

FROM LAST YEAR'S XMAS GUESTS . . .

"What a pleasant surprise after expecting an ordinary chicken!"—*S. B., Feltham.*

"This was the second *Bullets* Fowl awarded me. The first we voted good, the second even better."—*W. G. M., Paignton.*

"My mates voted my prize Fowl a real topper."—*W. M. G., Durham.*

"It looked good and tasted good."—*A. C. B., Bristol.*

"My *Bullets* Xmas Fowl was excellent."—*G. T., Bristol.*

"The most delicious bird we've ever tasted."—*R. B., Leicester.*

ADD 2, 3, OR 4 WORDS TO ANY "EXAMPLE"

BRITAIN'S OPPORTUNITY
FOUNDATION OF PEACE
NATIONAL HERO
THE BIG FOUR
ENEMY OF FREEDOM
POWER OF THE CHURCH
EUROPE'S FUTURE
HE'S A CLIMBER, SO
HEALTH'S ARMOUR
FALLING
WITH A BANG
THE NIGHT WAS DARK AND
DREADFUL FROST
MARK OF THE BEAST
MAKES LIFE MISERABLE
CONSCIENCE MONEY
DAD DID HIS BEST, BUT
HOOKED IT
RUEFULLY
FATEFUL DAY
BEFORE THE YEAR DIES
THE NEXT MOVE
TURNED DOWN
IN THE PUBLIC EYE
HIS FACE
SHIVERING ON THE BRINK
GOING ONE BETTER
WHATEVER THREATENS
WAR-MONGERS
OFFENDED HER
WHAT A RELIEF WHEN
BIRTH OF LOVE

'BULLETS' 1,141 RESULT

First Prize, £1,000, plus Trip to New York—or 1,000 Guineas

Mrs. A. EDWARDS, 56, Ricardo Street, Longton, Staffs.

Example: SONNY'S WORLD
Bullet: WHERE DAD'S "PLACE" SECURE.

SECOND PRIZE, £100:

R. HAWKINGS, 99, Church Manor Way, Abbey Wood, S.E.
Example: Worth A Lot
Bullet: Of "Rubs," Auntie's "Brass."

THIRD PRIZE, £25:

W. E. DAVIS, 2, Priory Avenue, Harlow, Essex.
Example: Europe's Cauldron
Bullet: Reeks Of Versailles "Hotchpotch."
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

OTHER PRIZES:

£10: W. SUMMERVILLE, 27, Bolbec Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Worth A Lot—More, *This* Year—Poppy.

£9 10s.: B. GILES, Greenway, Little Bushey Lane, Bushey Heath, Herts.
Brother Fritz—Thoughtful—Only *Fatherland* "Patter."

£9: H. FIELDING, 7, Kay Street, Clitheroe.
I'm Sorry For Henpeck, But—Even Chamberlain Daren't Intervene!

£8 10s.: J. HINCHLIFFE, 2, Ashfield Road, Bromborough, Ches.
We'd Be In Clover If—Signatures Read, "Tommy"—"Frits."

£8: W. F. STAPLETON, 72, Overstone Road, Harpenden.
Mother Remembers—War-time Loneliness—Father, Pals.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

£7 10s.: A. RUSSELL, 126, Clepington Road, Dundee.
Sonny Believes—I'm "Without Master" Differently.

£7: W. LOWTON, 35, Anstey Rise, Windmill Lane, Nottingham.
Hard To Manage—Europe's "Wolves"—Bulldog, "Lamb."

£6 10s.: J. HOWSON, 47, Burghley Road, Hornsey, N.
Brother Frits—"Awakens," *Blessing* "Neighbour's Wireless."

£6: J. RONEY, 28, Blenheim Street, Hull.
Britain's Balance—Recovered—*Both* Cheeks Slapped!

£5 10s.: C. K. SWARBRICK, 48, Manor House Lane, Preston.
Worth A Lot—Of Millionaires Too, Nuffield.

£5: J. PARR, "Dorden," 338, Northborough Road, Norbury, S.W.
Wooing Peace—Easier, World's "Work" Regular.

£4 10s.: T. DUROSE, 42, Gt. Clowes Street, Salford.
Sonny Believes—Pacifists—*I've* "Drilled" Him.

£4: Mrs. M. GOLLAN, 80, E. Crosscauseway, Edinburgh.
I'm Sorry For Henpeck, But—Conceding "Trousers" Deserves "Socks."

HOW TO WIN

Here, to help you fill your purse for Christmas shopping and make sure of a bumper feast this Yuletide, is a glittering "shop-window" of seasonable *Bullets* prizes—all of which must be won in a single week.

This fine First is followed by a big batch of JOHN BULL cheques and then come 100 of the famous *Bullets* Christmas Fowls.

To make a prize *Bullet*, simply take an *Example* and make a rough note of any idea it suggests. Then improve this to TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely linked with that particular *Example*.

For instance, against the *Example*, HEALTH'S ARMOUR, you might jot down *Helps Us To Endure The Winter*. This you could condense and improve to the typical *Bullet*, HEALTH'S ARMOUR—BLUNTS KING WINTER'S "SWORD."

Now start on the *Examples* and make sure that your entry is posted to Long Acre on or before Saturday, November 12.

SAVE MONEY ON ENTRIES

With your *Bullets* entry you may now enclose Crossword entry, with single Postal Order sufficient to cover both entry fees, thus saving 2½d. on poundage and postage.

Make Postal Order payable to JOHN BULL, address joint entry envelope "Bullets" No. 1,145 and Crossword No. 130, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking it "B and C" in top left-hand corner.

£3 10s.: F. PATON, 2, Gosford Lane, Glasgow.
Fallen Star—Gaunt "Extra," Once Extravagant.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

£3: W. J. BRAHAM, 15, Beecheroft Avenue, Harrow.
The Elections Are Coming, So—"Civilians—To Your Stations!"

TWO OF £2 10s. EACH

T. PARRINGTON, 67, Hilden Street, Bolton.
One Of The Boys—Could Pekinese Dodge Spinster!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

C. HESKETH, 24, Alexandra Street, Salford.
Keeps Grandpa Going—Determination To Outlive Teetotaller.

A list of 50 £1 and 200 2s 6d. winners can be seen at these Offices.

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(1,145) P.O. No. .....

Closing postmark SAT., Nov. 12.

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed .....

Address .....

YOU CAN POST YOUR ENTRY UP TILL LAST COLLECTION, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12.

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(1,145) P.O. No. .....

Closing postmark SAT., Nov. 12.

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed .....

Address .....

FREE COUPON FOR COMPETITION Nº 1,145 IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

I enclose **TWO** or more paid (or prize) coupons for Bullets No. 1,145, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE.

Signed .....

Address .....

Should you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,145 usually purchase "John Bull."

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,145, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

ANOTHER MONSTER NEXT WEEK!

FIRST PRIZE £2 Weekly for Life, £300 Cash, Xmas Presents for yourself and family, Radiogram and 25 Records, Super Xmas Hamper, New Furniture value up to £25, Winter Clothes value up to £25, Butchers' and Grocers' bills paid up to £25, Bureau Bookcase and 50 books, Xmas Hamper for each of five friends—or £1,000 CASH.

Don't Hobble Around!

Take Elasto — and Stop Limping

The Wonder Tablet

REGISTERED

DON'T let leg troubles cripple you. Take Elasto, the Great New Biomedical Remedy *that cures through the blood*, and have done with enforced rest, worry, suffering and expense. Leg aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds (bad leg) become clean and healthy and quickly heal, inflammation and irritation are soothed, piles disappear, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto; *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Everybody is asking — What is Elasto?

This question is fully answered in an interesting Booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing new method of *curing through the blood.* Your copy is Free, together with a generous Free Sample, see coupon below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation, *without which there can be no true healing!* The health of every organ and tissue of the body depends upon healthy cellular activity, and to ensure this, vigorously circulating, oxygen-rich blood is absolutely essential. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

For the Blood, Veins, Arteries and Heart.

It Acts Like Magic!

Read what users of Elasto say!

"*Varicose Veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging.*"
"*Now walk long distances with ease.*"
"*Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me.*"
"*I attribute my recovery from rheumatoid arthritis solely to Elasto.*"
"*Now free from piles.*"
"*Suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me.*"
"*After being indoors for 18 months, I can now walk quite well. My heart is stronger and all the pain has left my legs.*"
"*Elasto has cured my bad leg.*"
"*The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone, and I can do a full day's work keeping on my legs all day.*"
"*I have suffered years of agony with varicose veins and phlebitis, but thanks to Elasto, my leg is now completely cured.*"
"*The stinging sensation I used to get in my left arm and leg (arterio-sclerosis) is quite gone and my general health is much improved.*"
"*My skin is as soft as velvet, thanks to Elasto.*"
"*It is wonderful to be free from that terrible pain and to be able to walk upstairs without getting short of breath.*"
"*I was in awful agony and could not walk. My family and friends are astounded; the results are magic.*"
"*I was in terrible agony with arthritis, almost crippled, but Elasto cured me.*"
"*Rheumatoid arthritis gone, I have never felt better.*"
"*Lumbago cured after three years of suffering, age 66.*"
"*Cured my sciatica 12 months ago, still quite fit.*"
"*I was confined to my bed with phlebitis, without hope of ever getting out again. My doctor says I owe my life to Elasto.*"
"*Elasto has quite cured my eczema.*"
"*My piles are gone, my legs are better and I feel better in my general health.*"
Etc.

THESE extracts are taken from letters received from grateful people who KNOW, who have tested and proved for themselves the extraordinary health-restoring powers of ELASTO, the wonderful new Biomedical remedy. We guarantee the authenticity of every extract quoted.

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FREE

A Generous Sample of this Wonder Remedy

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for a Free Sample and a special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the New Biomedical Remedy. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it, and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!!

This offer is too good to be missed!

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Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto, the Great Blood Revitalizer, cures through the blood.

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(Please print in Capital Letters.)

ADDRESS.....

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Elasto will save you pounds!

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